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FUNDAMENTALISM WON a "disastrous victory" in the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church when Bishop William Montgomery Brown was formally deposed, although a federal court order has been served upon the church to show cause why the proceedings against him should not be halted. Bishop Brown was charged with publishing views contrary to the doctrine of the church; and the pivotal question upon which his case hinged was whether a bishop in 1925 must accept all or any of the credal statements literally. Bishop Brown accepted them all "symbolically," but his break with supernaturalism was so complete that he seemed to his fellow-bishops to be an utter atheist. When the master minds of the church, however, set out to draw the line between permissible and unpermissible interpretations of the creeds, they gave up the riddle as quite beyond them and fell back on the sacred Fourth-Century words of the liturgies as "doctrine" to which a bishop must subscribe. This is rather more, apparently, than John Roach Straton ever demanded of the Southern Baptists, and Bishop Brown is making the most of it. In the meantime, as the case stands, the Protestant Episcopal Church has cleansed itself of heresy at the sacrifice of its traditions and its common sense. If the action of the bishops seems too raw even for a federal judge, the church may yet give Bishop Brown a real trial.

SOME PEOPLE STILL DOUBT the need of a federal anti-lynching law. "Let the States take care of their own," they say. We invite their attention to the State of Mississippi. On September 20 at New Albany a mob took a Negro, Jim Ivy, from a sheriff who made no fight to stop them, carried him to Rocky Ford, tied him to a stake, and burned him alive, after the traditional fashion of lynchings in the romantic Old South. Governor Whitfield had the decency to issue a statement on September 21, saying:

> The time has come when the law-abiding citizens of Mississippi should assert themselves in no uncertain terms against such mob action and should rally to the support of the peace officers in maintaining the integrity of the law.

On the same day the Memphis *News Scimitar* published photographs of lynching scenes. These photographs show members of the mob with drawn guns and Jim Ivy with a noose around his neck; the faces of scores of mob members are so plain that a police officer would not have the slightest difficulty in recognizing and arresting them.

DID THE MEMBERS OF THAT MOB fear Mississippi justice? Were they afraid that, recognized, they would be punished? Not at all. One of the mob members let himself be photographed standing on a platform with Jim Ivy. He was warned, the *News Scimitar* says, that the picture would be published. "All right; go ahead," he replied. One William N. Bradshaw boasted that he was a member of the mob. The Jackson *Daily News* quotes this Mississippian as follows:

> Not an officer in Union County or any of the neighbor counties will point out any member of the crowd. Why, if he did, the best thing for him to do would be to jump into an airplane headed for Germany—quick.
>
> Sure, the officers know who were there. Everybody down there knows everybody else. We're all neighbors and neighbors' neighbors.
>
> Saturday night there were at least 10,000 men with pistols on their hips at New Albany, the county seat, but it was a perfectly orderly crowd. Everybody was in their shirtsleeves and no one tried to conceal his identity. . . .
>
> A delegation of us went to Johnny [the sheriff] and told him that we were tired of fooling around and that he had to produce Ivy or take the consequences. He said "Well, boys, . . . I'll put him in the county jail here. If you let me get him in jail and locked up, and then overpower me and get him I can't help it." We agreed to that. . . .
>
> Investigation? Shucks, there won't be any—or if there is it won't amount to anything. No officer down there is going to dare try to identify anyone, because nobody's mad about it. Even one of the judges down there said he didn't believe in mob law except in a few cases, and this was one of them, and that he'd have gone to the burning if it hadn't been bad policy. They'd be plenty mad, though, if anyone were arrested, and there'd be a million dollars ready in five minutes to go his bond.

WILLIAM BRADSHAW WAS RIGHT. The sheriff announced that he had recognized no one in the mob. When reporters called the governor's attention to Bradshaw's defiance and showed him the photographs which revealed the faces of members of the mob, he replied, "I

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have no plans for an investigation." Mississippi is Mississippi. It is no crime to burn a man alive in that State, if his skin is black. Neither county nor State officials will punish a gang of murderers if their victim is a Negro. If the people of this country want lynching stopped they will have to do it by Federal action.

AN EMPEROR SITS AGAIN AT ROME. True, he still calls himself by the more equivocal title of Premier, but he might as well, imitating a famous predecessor, also Italian-born, take from the hands of the Pope the imperial crown and, as the only person in the world fit to do the service, place it upon his own head. The recent agreement between the organization of Fascist employers and the General Federation of Labor practically destroys the trade unions and eliminates the Socialists as a factor in politics. Under the new ruling, employers in labor disputes will deal only with members of Fascist unions; disputes will be solved only by a juridical body appointed by the state; after the state-appointed magistrate has been appealed to, all strikes and lock-outs or other appeals from his decisions will be forbidden and, one assumes, dealt with in true Fascist style. In addition, it is proposed that the powers of the Government—that is, of Mussolini—be strengthened and those of Parliament curtailed. Finally, local government has been taken out of the hands of local officers and will be controlled by government-appointed officials responsible to the central government. The communiqué in which these proposals is embodied contains certain noble thoughts on government well worth quoting:

> The administration of public affairs requires high-grade competence and specified culture, and is incompatible with a legislative system which, not taking into account local conditions, partakes of the erroneous presumption of the administrative capacity of citizens who scarcely know how to read and write.

IT IS GOOD TO KNOW that the Italian Government rests in the hands of these cultured and competent officials. As an example of the high character of the Fascist control the recent riots in Florence will serve. Fascist persecution of the Freemasons of that city, in the course of which shops were burnt and ransacked and members of the offending guild driven from town, resulted in the shooting of a member of the local Fascist Directory in the act of demanding a list of Florentine Freemasons from one of their number. The Freemason was killed by a Fascist mob as he was being taken to the police station; houses of other Freemasons were burnt to the ground, and several of the occupants were murdered. Armed Fascisti kept firemen from extinguishing these fires and the police were given orders not to interfere with the Fascists engaged in "reprisals," who, busy with the above-mentioned activities, yet found time to enter every theater in the city and drive the audiences into the streets at the point of their guns.

MURDER WILL OUT. When for six weeks after the murder of Matteotti the sidewalk in front of his house was heaped with flowers and crowded with sorrowing men and women praying for the repose of his soul Premier Mussolini must have had some anxious moments. His conscience was not of the best. The publication in the New York *World* of secret documents connecting Mussolini directly with Matteotti's murder and disclosing him as the head of an Italian Cheka bear out the documents printed in the International Relations Section of *The Nation* last April. These confessions, written by men who were trying to save their own skins when they feared that their chief was about to desert them, tell the same story: Matteotti was kidnapped and put to death by a group of Fascists, acting under orders of the Fascist leaders, including Mussolini himself. The existence of a secret society with the Premier at its head is repeatedly insisted upon, and this organization has apparently been responsible for other crimes of violence. The trial of those immediately responsible for Matteotti's abduction and assassination takes place shortly; an attempt will be made to whitewash the affair, to try the accused for "homicide without premeditation," and to keep out of the trial any testimony which might implicate those higher up. But meanwhile the confessions are in general circulation; the names of Fillipelli, Cesare Rossi, Marinelli, and *one who may not be mentioned* are on Italian tongues far oftener than those of the dupes who are standing trial.

THE GOVERNMENT SHIPPING SITUATION gets steadily worse. Following the removal of Rear Admiral Palmer from the headship of the Emergency Fleet Corporation came the resignation of Rear Admiral H. I. Cone as vice-president and general manager, and the discharge of Sidney Henry, vice-president in charge of finances. Then the President let it be known that his feelings were injured by the fact that Elmer E. Crowley was appointed to Rear Admiral Palmer's place without his, the President's, being consulted. Unfortunately for public understanding of the situation it is gravely involved. There is first the issue of the independence of the Shipping Board, which must be upheld against all comers, including the President. But there is also question as to the good faith and efficiency of the Shipping Board itself, and finally, the question of the relative merits of the Shipping Board and the Fleet Corporation. As to this our sympathies are with Admiral Palmer. He has sold ships while others talked about doing so. He has reduced the deficit of the corporation by 22 million dollars, placed the fleet on a business basis, and, most notable of all, refused to play politics. Sometimes the members of the Shipping Board have seemed too conscious of the fact that if all the ships were sold their jobs would be gone. At any rate, this unseemly squabbling calls for prompt action by Congress. Both boards should be abolished and control of the fleet be placed in the hands of one man.

CAILLAUX ARRIVES in France with his desk stacked high. Parliamentary opposition to his American agreement probably seems to him one of his lesser worries. He cannily took with him as members of his mission enough members of the opposition parties to commit their leadership to a friendly attitude. But his financial problem has not begun to be solved. He did not bring back with him any large American loans, or even any immediate hope of such substantial aid, and the problem of financing the ordinary expenses of his Government, plus the enormous cost of the war in Africa, and the added burden of the war against the Druse Nationalists in Syria, is almost superhuman. Domestic short-term indebtedness is coming due, and his first attempt at magic—an attempt to pay the old loans with new paper, with interest payments guaranteed in gold—has not achieved the expected results. Apparently

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only 5 billion francs have been "converted" in this fashion, where 25 billion were hoped for. The floating debt totals 60 billion francs, and the note circulation of the Bank of France has moved up to 47 billions. One short-term issue fell due on September 25; another matures December 8. Prices are rising, and with two wars on hand reduction of government expenditures is unlikely. What will the financial wizard try next?

WE HOPE that the English Speaking Union and other patriotic societies will take note of a scandalous bit of anti-British propaganda which appeared in the New York *Times* the other day. The publication of this vile attack upon one of our Allies would probably have been punished with imprisonment during the war. Should it be tolerated in peace time? We print in full this obvious piece of propaganda that all may see its falsity. The distinction of the original offender is no excuse for the needless republication of the following letter to Lord Cornwallis, written from Camp Middlebrook, June 2, 1777:

> My Lord:
>
> It is with infinite regret I am again compelled to remonstrate against that spirit of wanton cruelty that has in several instances influenced the conduct of your soldiery.
>
> A recent exercise of it toward an unhappy officer of ours, Lieut. Martin, convinces me that my former representations on that subject have been unavailing. That gentleman, by the fortune of war, on Saturday last was thrown into the hands of a party of your horse and unnecessarily murdered with the most aggravated circumstances of barbarity.
>
> I wish not to wound your Lordship's feelings by commenting on this event, but I think it my duty to send his mangled body to your lines, as an undeniable testimony of the fact, should it be doubted, and as the best appeal to your humanity for the justice of our complaint.
>
> I have the honor to be, with due respect,
>
> Your Lordship's Most Obedient Servant,
>
> G. WASHINGTON

PUNISHMENT AS A DETERRENT to crime still has many champions, and the killing of a murderer by the State is thought by thousands of persons to act as an effective warning to other prospective murderers. The total of 288 murders in 279 days in Cook County would seem to indicate that as a deterrent capital punishment was somewhat lacking. And it is good to record the words of Enrico Ferri, Italy's greatest criminologist, who roundly denounces capital punishment as a preventive of murder. In Italy, when this method of dealing with criminals was abolished in 1890, the same arguments were advanced as are advanced in the United States today, the same downfall of society was predicted, and what happened instead was a marked decrease in murders. Mr. Ferri declares the true remedy for crime to be social reform. He thus places the responsibility for the criminal on society, where it belongs. Decent living conditions, the opportunity to master a trade and to exercise it in order to obtain a proper living, education which will direct the abundant energies of young men and women into social and not anti-social channels—all these are infinitely better ways of dealing with an errant citizen than putting him into a jail where he consorts with habitual criminals and learns from them more ways of cheating society. At best, jails are miserable places; and they are seldom at their best. In them, more than in any other place, crime flourishes. The criminal's period of punishment is usually a period of education in criminality; and his incarceration, instead of protecting society, places it at the mercy of more adept plunderers.

IS THE NIGHT AIR MAIL a proved success? Or is the Chicago *Tribune* right in claiming that it averages slower than the old express-train service? We do not know. But we do know this, that the Post Office Department is 100 per cent wrong in attempting to convince the public by war-time propaganda methods instead of by a record of service. We have received a letter from E. C. Garrabrant, assistant traffic manager of the Air Mail Service, which asks us to help boost the night air mail by printing a "canned" editorial, thoughtfully provided for us ready written:

> To aid you in this objective of common interest [says Mr. Garrabrant] we attach a suggested editorial, which you may desire to revamp or can use as presented.
>
> This editorial was prepared by Mr. F. B. DeBerard, director of research of the Merchants Association of New York.
>
> This association and the Advertising Club are actively interested in cooperating with some of the details of our department. . . .

The "White House spokesman," through those trained seals, the Washington correspondents, fills the news columns of the papers with government propaganda day after day; and now the departments are trying to write the country's editorials for it. It is just a little too much.

EVEN IF MACMILLAN and his crew had to turn back without discovering the new polar land they hoped to claim for the State of Maine, they found uncharted mountain ranges and made fascinating observations of plants and birds and Norse ruins. Their three generations of exploring craft—schooner, steamer, and navy airplanes—had such rough going that they were forced to report against airplanes and in favor of Zeppelins for future exploration. MacMillan knows the natives better than most explorers. All along the coast of Greenland he stopped and entertained them with moving pictures of their villages taken last year. His party went to church and heard Eskimo hymns, presented the natives with radio sets, rescued a shipwrecked Danish crew, and saved an Eskimo boy washed out to sea when an iceberg exploded.

"CHRISTY" MATHEWSON has been dead nearly a fortnight—long enough for all ordinary persons and almost all baseball players to be forgotten. But Mathewson belongs to the heroic age of baseball, before the blight of commercialization was obvious. A generation of grown-up small boys and girls recall his legendary prowess and cherish the memory of a personal magnetism rare on the diamond today. "Matty" shone in a group of brilliant stars; among his fellow-players were Big Chief Myers, Napoleon Lajoie, Hughie Jennings, Hooks Wiltse, Hans Wagner, Mike Donlin, Fred Merkle, Rube Marquard, Red Murray, Three-Fingered Brown, Iron Man McGinnity, and a host of others. Each great in his way, "Matty" outshone them all; he was a national hero. The wise historian will give him more space than many Presidential candidates.

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Mr. Coolidge's Wonderful Speech

APPARENTLY we are suffering from that mental and moral astigmatism of which our enemies accuse us, for we find ourselves in extraordinary disagreement with most of our contemporaries as to President Coolidge's speech to the American Legion at Omaha on October 6. The New York *Times* exults over the liberalism of this oration as confuting those critics who "have been indulging in sneers at Calvin Coolidge as a hopeless conservative tied and bound. But his liberalism is of the old-fashioned American kind. . . . It is a liberalism good enough for this day and for the American people." The New York *World* is so astounded to hear Calvin Coolidge appealing for freedom of speech and for tolerance in America that it completely loses its editorial self in shrieks of joy:

> The Coolidge who delivered that speech is not the Coolidge of a year ago. Then he was an oracle of safe platitudes, a man who spoke truism rather than truth. Coming from the average public man at such a time the speech would have been extraordinary; coming from Mr. Coolidge it was well-nigh incredible.

The next day it returned to the charge and found in this speech insight, intelligence, and force. "There is wisdom and courage and that tolerance for which the President himself pleads." As for President MacCracken of Vassar, he believes, if the press reports can be trusted, that portion of the speech will live forever. All of which leaves us gasping. We do not deny that Mr. Coolidge took a new tack; that the author of the famous series upon the "Red" menace in our women's colleges, notably Vassar (which, incredible as it may seem, had on its faculty, according to Calvin Coolidge, a woman professor who heard the Soviet ambassador talk in Washington and liked him!) has used words quite unaccustomed to his mouth. But beyond that the speech strikes us as a successful combination of bunk, platitudes, and contradictions, a facing-both-ways with such dexterity that our friends the editors have fallen for it again as some of us did for the sentimental sententiousness and noble nothings of Woodrow Wilson, as many did for the pious frauds of Warren Harding and the robust rhodomantade of Theodore Roosevelt. How eager we all are to be fooled!

Now let Mr. Coolidge, the great new liberal, speak. He turns early in his address to the question of war and peace and military establishments:

> War has become less probable; peace has become more secure.

But

> Our country has a larger army and a more powerful navy costing annually almost twice as much as it ever before had in time of peace. I am a thorough believer in a policy of *adequate* military preparation.

Although

> It is our purpose in our intercourse with foreign Powers to rely not upon the strength of our fleets and our armies.

And

> In spite of all the arguments in favor of great military forces no nation ever had an army large enough to guarantee it against attack in time of peace or to insure its victory in time of war.

And

> We know and every one knows that these old [military] systems, antagonisms, and reliance on force have failed.

Yet

> National defense should be at all times supported.

Turning to the war itself Mr. Coolidge declares:

> We *feared* no other country

But

> We believed, moreover, that those institutions which we cherish with supreme affection and which lie at the foundation of our whole scheme of human relationship—the right of freedom, of equality, of self-government—*were all in jeopardy.*

In winning the war "the country found its soul," and

> No man's patriotism was impugned or service questioned because of his racial origin, his political opinion, or his religious convictions.

But

> One of the most natural reactions during the war was intolerance. But the inevitable disregard for the opinions and feelings of minorities is none the less a disturbing product of war psychology. *The slow and difficult advance which tolerance and liberalism have made through long periods of development are dissipated almost in a night.*

We find our soul in war but

> It will always be impossible to harmonize justice and war.

As for Mr. Coolidge's views on Americanism:

> I realize the full and complete necessity of 100 per cent Americanism.

But

> Whatever tends to standardize the community, to establish fixed and rigid modes of thought, tends to fossilize society.

We must all realize that:

> It is the ferment of ideas, the clash of disagreeing judgments, the privilege of the individual to develop his own thoughts and shape his own character, that makes progress possible.

But

> The necessity for a common purpose and *a united intellectual front* becomes paramount to everything else.

After all, concludes cautious Mr. Coolidge:

> I make no plea for leniency toward those who . . . are not prepared to accept the *true* standards of our citizenship. By tolerance I do not mean indifference to evil; I mean respect for different kinds of good.

These are only a few of the characteristic gems. They take no note of the devastatingly original sparks of thought which pervade the address, such as "We must mobilize the conscience of mankind" (*pace* Woodrow Wilson); "We must reaffirm and reinforce our ancient faith in truth and justice, in charitableness and tolerance." Mr. Coolidge's final discovery is this: "The economic problems of society are important." There we agree with Mr. MacCracken. That sublime thought will, we are sure, reverberate down the ages.

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Russia in Wall Street

RUSSIA not merely is coming back; she has come back. Americans, fatigued by years of theoretical discussions of soviet methods, have paid too little attention to the remarkable advances which Russia has been making. American business men, however, are not asleep. For poverty-stricken Russia is importing American goods, despite the difficulties caused by lack of governmental recognition, at an amazing rate. In 1924 she imported more American goods than pre-war Czarist Russia did. In August, 1925, she took more American goods than she had done in the entire year of 1923. And she did it with the aid of credits advanced by canny American bankers who saw in Russia perspectives of increasing American business.

There are still papers like the New York *Times* which editorially pooh-pooh the reports of their own correspondents in Soviet Russia. These editors have acquired a habit of which they cannot rid themselves, but the bankers who recently met to hear the reports of one of their number just returned from Russia are more interested in present-day facts than in their prejudices of yesteryear. And one may suspect that ex-Governor Goodrich, once of Mr. Hoover's American Relief Administration, has not been spending months in Russia solely in the interest of his Indiana farm. Governor Goodrich has been in the past one of Mr. Hoover's most faithful correspondents, and there is no reason to believe that their relation has changed. Correspondents in Russia report that he is struck by the agricultural revival in Russia, and believes that the Soviet crop estimates, however favorable, probably underestimate the success of the crop; he is also impressed by the "orderly and relatively efficient work in the factories."

In the first half of 1925 Russian trade with the United States amounted, according to the Department of Commerce, to nearly sixty million dollars. Only six millions of this were imports from Russia into the United States; the rest were goods exported from America to Russia. But this disproportion is hardly greater than in pre-war days, when Russia shipped us about eight million dollars' worth of goods each year, and imported more than forty million dollars' worth. The significant fact is that Russia is back in the market, despite all the handicaps which a hostile world has imposed upon her. Her cotton-goods industry operated last year at 92 per cent of the 1913 output; her metal industry at 90 per cent; coal at 79 per cent; oil at 85. The car loadings were four-fifths of the 1913 figure, despite the amputations of her territory on the Western front; and she actually produced four times as much electric power as in that pre-war year. Lenin's dream of an electrified Russia is becoming more than a dream.

Another aspect of Russian industry is also worth considering. The cotton-goods industry produced last year (1924-25) more than five times as much goods as in 1921-22, with less than twice the number of workers and less than three times the number of spindles; and the goods were marketed at prices 50 per cent lower. Russia's labor is not merely returning to work; it is working more efficiently.

Russia's foreign trade of course implies an increased confidence among non-Russian business men. While the business world as a whole has maintained its suspicions of the terrible Bolsheviki here and there experimenters have entered on the pioneer path of friendly and normal trade relations. Nor is it outside speculators and concession-hunters who are blazing the trail. The New York correspondents of the Soviet State Bank are today the Guaranty Trust Co., the Equitable Trust Co., the Irving Bank-Columbia Trust Co., and similar firms. The Chase National Bank and the Equitable have dealt in large figures with the Amtorg Trading Corporation and the All-Russian Textile Syndicate, through which the Soviet Government makes its largest purchases in the United States.

But after all, compared with the possibilities of Russian trade, this return to the level of 1913 is but a drop in the bucket. Large credits will be impossible until official recognition gives a new and evident stability to the situation. The Russian Government cannot yet maintain deposits in American banks, and has to form American corporations to do its business here. The largest American credits which Russia is receiving come indirectly, through British and German agents. As M. Gurievich, of the Supreme Council of National Economy, put it the other day:

> German firms, for instance the Krupps, have come here, received large orders on credit terms we can accept, and then, with the order in their pockets, borrowed money from American banks in order to swing the contracts. They pay American banks 4 or 5 per cent, and charge us 9 per cent. They use American money to get a firm foothold in the Russian field.

That, of course, cannot long persist. A business administration such as we have in Washington, will not eternally bury its head in the sands heaped up by Mr. Hughes's prejudices. The Government which excludes Saklatavala gladly grants visas today to Russian Communists who come with orders for cotton and machinery in their hands, and the time may come when Big Business will force the Government to recognize the Bolsheviks.

On Defending Poetry

IT is not many years since Matthew Arnold declared of the future of poetry that it was "immense." Just now, in the interesting series of prophecies ("Today and Tomorrow") which the house of Dutton is importing from England, appears a volume, "Thamyris," whose sub-title asks whether there is any such future at all. The author, Mr. R. C. Trevelyan, seems to take up the question where Arnold left off—namely, at the point where science presents itself as the enemy, or at least the rival, of the oldest literary art. Arnold, himself touched with the malady of melancholy which ravaged his century, clutched at poetry as the one possession of the race capable of "consoling" it while its dogmas dissolved and its science crystallized:

> Without poetry [he said] our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. . . . The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their hollowness, the more we shall prize "the breath and finer spirit of knowledge" offered to us by poetry.

That day, according to Mr. Trevelyan, is by no means here:

> There are those [he says] who take a gloomier view

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> of man's destinies. Poetry, they tell us, like mythology, religion, and metaphysics, is a primitive and puerile function of the human mind. It is already becoming superseded by less rudimentary, more rational means of self-expression. We are entering upon an era of science and prose, and may as well at once frankly put away poetry, along with other childish things.

And although Mr. Trevelyan proceeds to disagree with the gloomy ones whose convictions he paraphrases, he also proceeds, as Matthew Arnold had done, to take them very seriously. He respects them so much, indeed, that he is willing to predict a future only for some sort of poetry which is "more rational and responsible," more "intelligently aware" of our new civilization, and more conscious of the fact that "our habits of mind are growing continually more scientific." Macaulay's famous thesis that "as civilization advances poetry almost necessarily declines" is evidently not yet laid in its grave.

If the existence of enemies to poetry is evidence that the future of the art is questionable, then it must be concluded that that future always has been questionable; for poetry never has been without its enemies. The line of attack for two thousand years in Europe was not scientific but moral. Plato turned the poets out of his republic because he thought they would serve no useful purpose there, and he started a controversy which ran at least as far as Shelley. The later classical critics and most of the medieval and Renaissance critics argued forever—and with how little effect!—over the purposes of poetry and over its philosophical or its ethical value. Sidney wrote an "Apology" and Shelley a "Defence." Always there was an effort to establish a laudable function for the poet. The emphasis and the terms have shifted now. Instead of asking whether poetry is good, men ask today whether poetry is at all—or whether, in that future which we so love to talk about, poetry will be. But the essential character of the dispute has nowise changed. The motive for the attack is perhaps no less moral than it ever was. The cardinal sin for most of us, after all, is idleness; and if the conviction ever becomes universal that poets are wasting their time then poets will have to go. At least they will be invited to leave the efficient society which we are promised.

The saving fact, of course, is the existence of poets. This may or may not be a scientific fact, but it ought to be sufficient comfort for those harassed persons who are at a loss to explain why poets should be. They are; they always have been; will they not always continue to be? One who predicts a future for them need by no means subscribe to the superstition which bestows immortal life upon all things that ever have been. Certain diseases that have been are now no more. The germ has been isolated. What of the germ of poetry? So far it has not been isolated, though more attention has been lavished on it than has been lavished on any victim of the microscope. And—sadly enough for science—this attention has been for the most part friendly. Most of the definitions of the poetic function have been arrived at in the hope that they would incidentally justify that function. Poetry has been called a comforter, a soother, an interpreter of life; and modern psychologists have endeavored to make a place for it in the necessary world of dreams. But poetry has never been defined, as laughter has never been defined. In that very fact, it may be, its future sleeps secure.

A Royal Gift

OF all the Coolidges commend us to Mrs. Frederic Shurtleff Coolidge. For years she has been one of the great benefactors of the musical world of America, especially in the field of chamber music. It is to her that we owe the annual Berkshire festival at Norfolk, Connecticut, at which a prize is awarded for the best new chamber-music composition. More than one artist or musical organization owes to her an unforgettable debt of financial and spiritual encouragement, and all of this she has done without any blowing of trumpets or self-advertisement, but in the modest way characteristic of most Americans whose situation enables them to be generous donors in the field of the fine arts. But all of these acts, valuable as they are, are overshadowed by her latest benefaction. She has provided a sum of nearly $100,000 for the building of an auditorium to be managed by the Library of Congress for chamber music and similar purposes.

This is certainly a most high-minded and far-sighted donation, but it is only part of the story, for Mrs. Coolidge has accompanied it by a much larger trust fund to produce an annual income of $28,200 a year to maintain the hall and to aid the music division of the Library of Congress to encourage the study and production of compositions. But let her speak in her own words:

> I have wished to make possible through the Library of Congress the composition and performance of music in ways which might otherwise be considered too unique or too expensive to be ordinarily undertaken. Not this alone, of course, nor with a view to extravagance for its own sake; but as an occasional possibility of giving precedence to considerations of quality over those of quantity; to artistic rather than to economic values, and to opportunity rather than to expediency.

We know of no gift that quite compares with this and we hail it all the more gladly because in this country the government does not encourage musical and artistic talent as is possible in other countries. As a stimulus to music writing this gift will be of enormous benefit and that benefit will increase as the years go on. Fortunately, Congress has already created a trust fund board in connection with the Library of Congress, so that there is an organization ready to administer the gift. Indeed, it has recently received an endowment fund of $100,000 from Dr. James B. Wilbur of Manchester, Vermont, for the acquisition of source material for the study of history.

These gifts are not only, as the New York *Times* points out, a recognition of what the Librarian of Congress, Mr. Herbert Putnam, has done to upbuild the institution of which he is the inspiring head; they also demonstrate the opportunity of a non-partisan organization under the federal government free from political taint which not only can be relied upon to act as a faithful custodian of its priceless historical collections but shall also become the creator and inspirer of original work. There is no reason whatever why Mrs. Coolidge's gift should not be followed by similar endowments to be used to aid talent in the fields of painting, sculpture, and poetry. As some of our universities have begun to realize, there is a crying need for the safeguarding of genius which can never be financially profitable, yet must be guided to create as the soul dictates.

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The Picture Papers Win

By JO SWERLING

THERE is a furrow in the formerly smooth brow of Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the New York *Times*. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden M. Reid of the *Herald Tribune* pretend to be unconcerned, but care sits upon their shoulders. Frank A. Munsey has paused in his career of journalicide. Cyrus H. K. Curtis of Philadelphia and New York is grateful that he has the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* to fall back on in an emergency. Herbert Bayard Swope, the only newspaper editor in America who has a racehorse named after him, assumes these days a carefully schooled expression of indifference. William Randolph Hearst and Arthur Brisbane are heroically building theaters against the inevitable deluge.

The tabloid picture paper has attacked intrenched eight-column journalism and threatens to become a new, mongrel Fourth Estate.

And, in a short time, Joseph Medill Patterson of Chicago, who started it all, will come to New York to live. It's a promise. When the New York *Daily News* reaches a steady circulation of over a million copies per day—and that may be tomorrow or the day after—Mr. Patterson will pack up his belongings, say farewell to Colonel McCormick, his partner, take leave of the staff of the Chicago *Tribune*, and will come to New York to take active charge of the tail that is now so joyously wagging the dog. When the *News* reaches the million mark (its daily average for the last six months was 920,956) it will have the greatest circulation of any daily newspaper in the United States.

"And that," said Mr. Patterson when he made his vow five years ago, "covers a multitude of sins and a large assortment of defects."

Tabloid journalism in New York is only seven years old. The history of its growth makes a mushroom seem like a century plant. Tabloids have been appearing all over the country since Mr. Patterson started his. Young Cornelius Vanderbilt took the hint. Mr. Hearst read the handwriting on the *Bulletin* board. His friend "Fingy" Conners of Buffalo joined the parade. Less important newspaper publishers hopped on the band wagon, and Bernarr Macfadden, who whelps magazines in litters, decided to get in line. Mr. Macfadden knows the calisthenics of publishing. "Tabs" are good for the circulation. Today he has only one daily tabloid. In the near future he hopes to have his daily dozen.

It took two generations to plant the name of Patterson on the journalistic map of Chicago. Joseph Medill Patterson did it in New York in a hop, skip, and jump. In seven years the *Daily News* has obtained a greater circulation than its parent newspaper, the Chicago *Tribune*, self-styled "the World's Greatest Newspaper," has been able to get in seventy years.

It is said that the inception of the *News* was due to an earnest desire on the part of Mr. Patterson to lose money. The year 1918 saw the Chicago *Tribune* pile up more profits than ever before in its highly prosperous career. That was the year in which the government stretched forth an unusually greedy hand for excess profits. The *Tribune* that year gave every employee a 10 per cent bonus on his or her annual salary, a grandiose largesse unprecedented in the *Tribune's* history. But that was only loose change.

For a long time the owners of the Chicago *Tribune* had cherished the hope of buying the New York *Tribune*. They wanted the name. They wanted to plant *Tribunes* in every large city in America. In 1918, with a frightfully swollen cash surplus, the time seemed ripe. Mr. Patterson importuned Mr. Reid to sell the New York *Tribune*. But 1918 had not been unkind to Mr. Reid either. He wouldn't hear of the sale of the newspaper founded by Horace Greeley—not for any price.

"Why don't you start one of your own?" suggested Mr. Reid. "I understand Northcliffe's going to."

"What?" said Mr. Patterson.

"Yes. He's had agents here the past few months, looking the ground over. And haven't you heard that Munsey's going to start one? And Hearst, too. No, no, my boy, you can't have the New York *Tribune*. But perhaps if you start a paper, it'll beat the *Tribune* in circulation in five or ten years."

Mr. Reid laughed heartily at his whimsy, little dreaming that Mr. Patterson, within six weeks, would start a new paper which in one year would pass the *Tribune* in circulation, and in five years exceed the circulation of any other newspaper in New York.

There was a boatload of soldiers leaving for Europe in three days. Mr. Patterson—he was Captain Patterson during his service in France—was a passenger. In London Lord Northcliffe couldn't be approached. Mr. Patterson followed him to his country home, dogged his footsteps in each of the seven gardens of the Northcliffe estate, and finally got the English publisher to talk of something other than the war.

"New York's simply begging for a picture newspaper, like the *Sketch* and the *Mirror* here," Lord Northcliffe said. "It's amazing none of you chaps seem to realize it. I'm tired of waiting for you fellows to do it. New York's got to have a picture tabloid. I don't care who starts it. If the rest of you don't see the light soon, I'll start one myself."

Mr. Patterson hastened back on the next available boat. Within a week he had made a deal to use the *Evening Mail* plant on City Hall Place. For his managing editor Mr. Patterson hired Arthur L. Clarke, former city editor of the Chicago *Herald*, then city editor of the New York *Evening World*. Within thirty days Vol. I, No. 1 of the New York *Daily News* was on the street. The folding had gone wrong on part of the edition. The large picture on the front page, purporting to be that of the Prince of Wales (a delicate compliment to Lord Northcliffe) was just a black smudge. But the paper was out. The panic was on.

The ink was hardly dry on the first edition of the new paper when a complete newspaper plant was installed by Mr. Hearst at 55 Frankfort Street. It was generally expected that the specially constructed tabloid presses in the

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Frankfort Street plant would begin vomiting Hearst tabloids within a fortnight.

But Mr. Hearst glanced at the sorry looking youngster which had dared to invade the field, smiled indulgently, and left for his beautiful ranch in California. Mr. Brisbane wrote a patronizing editorial in the New York *Evening Journal.* The presses in the Frankfort Street plant were destined to stand silent for six years, accumulating dust, depreciation, and overhead. The Hearst executive council met and looked over the new paper. It was a feeble thing. If Mr. Patterson had really started it to get rid of excess profits, his wish would be speedily gratified. They decided not to start a Hearst tabloid just then. They would wait until the *News* died.

In the circulation war which started then and there between the *Daily News* and the Hearst newspapers, brother was lined up against brother. Max Annenberg came on from Chicago to be field marshal of the *News* forces. His brother Moe became commander-in-chief of the Hearst battalions—Moe against Max, no quarter asked or given.

Presently the *News* came out with a public announcement that its circulation had reached 400,000. In less than three years it had passed the New York *American.* The *American* is Mr. Hearst's pride and joy. Mr. Hearst returned to New York rather unexpectedly. He looked over circulation statements.

"The tabloid starts at once," Mr. Hearst ordered.

Instead of issuing the tabloid as a separate paper, it was printed as part of the regular edition of the New York *American.* A genius of the executive council coined the phrase: "Two Papers for the Price of One."

The *Daily News* got up a full page "ad" and designed posters with the phrasing: "Don't Buy One Paper for the Price of Two." They were held for release. They never were released. It wasn't necessary. The tabloid section of the New York *American,* offered to readers without any extra charge, cost a great deal of money, but it drew no circulation. It was withdrawn. Mr. Hearst was no longer on the offensive. The problem was not how to get more circulation for the New York *American;* it was how to keep what the *American* had.

Mr. Hearst summoned Victor Watson, who was, in that ill-fated period of the *American's* existence, the pilot of the ship.

"Bring on the pulmotor," he said, or words to that effect.

In Chicago Mr. Hearst's *Herald and Examiner* was in the throes of a lottery contest which had brought about huge circulation increases and a renewal of the circulation war with the Chicago *Tribune.* The town was flooded with coupons bearing numbers. Each morning the *Herald and Examiner* printed a series of numbers. Those who held coupons bearing numbers corresponding to those printed in the *Herald and Examiner* collected cash prizes. Hundreds of dollars were given away and the circulation leaped upward.

This was the scheme that Mr. Watson suggested to Mr. Hearst, and in a fateful moment Mr. Hearst gave his consent. Mr. Watson called it "Lady Luck." The lottery stunt started in the *American* on a large scale. The first day $1,000 was given away as a grand prize, with several hundred dollars in minor prizes. Circulation jumped at once. Mr. Patterson rushed to New York.

The next day the *News* announced a lottery contest. A certain morning newspaper, the *News* stated, was offering the pitifully inadequate sum of $1,000 each day as a grand prize for the winning number. The *News* took pleasure in offering $2,500 as a grand prize, with several thousand dollars in smaller prizes. The *News* didn't approve of it, but if it had to be done, let it be done right. On the morrow the *News* would have a staff of girls with cornucopias loaded with millions of coupons bearing numbers. These coupons would be distributed at the Battery, in Central Park, near Grant's Tomb, and in Times Square. Come one, come all.

The *American* the next day announced that the $1,000 grand prize was only a teaser for "Lady Luck." She smiled at talk of measly $2,500 grand prizes. That was talk for the tin banks of the kiddies. "Lady Luck" was no bush-league goddess. From now on the big grand prize offered by "Lady Luck" daily would be $5,000. Full list of distributing stations printed in each edition. Get your coupons and become wealthy overnight.

Circulation bounded upward, leaping to new crags like a frightened gazelle.

The *News* the next day stated that it had seen enough of penny ante. "Lady Luck" might be a spender where she came from, but on the *News* she'd be regarded as stingier than Harry Lauder. From now on the daily grand prize in the *News* would be $10,000.

It was a cool spring, but the Hearst executive council suffered Niagaras of perspiration. By now they were in almost continual executive session. The circulation soared and soared, and Mr. Watson appeared complacently at the meetings, listening for his meed of approbation. Strangely, it failed to come. The problem of printing the millions of coupons each day kept a large staff of employees neglecting other work. Reporters, enraged at the cutting of expense accounts in the face of such prodigious profligacy, demanded raises and were sulky when they were denied "in order to keep expenses down." The paper was so full of "Lady Luck" that important news was left out.

The other papers began to feel the pressure. In the space of a week the *American* had climbed 200,000; the *News* had gone up 300,000. On the day the *American* announced the increase of the grand prize to $10,000 the *Tribune,* the *Times,* the *World,* and the *Herald* suffered, it was reported, enormous losses.

The *News* came out and said that it was high time this lottery business was conducted on a scale commensurate with the dignity of New York, the Empire City of the Empire State of the Empire Nation of the world. The ante was raised to $15,000 a day for the big prize. There were riots in the Battery the next day when the *News* coupons were distributed. The *American* saw the raise and met it with a further raise of $5,000, making its daily big prize $20,000.

That night Victor Watson is said to have fainted in his office when a boy brought him in a copy of the *Daily News.* It was announced in the *News,* blandly and as though it were of no particular moment, that the *News* would thereafter, and until further notice, give away a daily grand prize of $25,000, and that, in the event any other New York newspaper saw fit to increase that sum, the *News* would automatically double any further sum offered, no matter what that sum was.

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By this time the *American* had gained 400,000 circulation. The *News* had leaped upward 500,000. But the poor *Journal* got caught in between. Advertisers got the benefit of the unprecedented circulation without paying for it. It was impossible to print new rate cards fast enough to keep pace with the vaulting circulation. The reportorial staffs of both papers were completely demoralized. On the *American*, Alan Dale complained bitterly that his drama reviews were being crowded out by the lists of distributing stations. The reserves were called out daily to pacify the mobs that stormed both the *News* and *American* buildings.

Patterson and Hearst realized, suddenly and clearly, that it was high time to throttle their Frankenstein.

"This is suicide," said Mr. Hearst.

"We'll both go broke in another month if it keeps up," admitted Captain Patterson.

"You'd better stop it," suggested Mr. Hearst.

"The day after you quit," retorted Mr. Patterson.

They compromised. Mr. Patterson's brilliant young cousin, the late Medill McCormick, was United States Senator from Illinois. Senator McCormick hurried to the office of Postmaster General Will Hays. A ruling was issued barring from the mails newspapers which ran lotteries.

When the smoke of battle cleared away it was found that both papers were, from a circulation point of view, exactly as they had been before they had run amuck with the lottery idea. The surplus circulation dropped away within a month.

The presses in Frankfort Street continued to accumulate dust, but Mr. Hearst finally made the tabloid experiment in Boston. There the old Boston *Advertiser* was purchased and launched in tabloid form. It failed to get, and to this day has never been able to get, as much circulation as the pesky *News* got in its first issue. In June, 1924, Mr. Hearst finally started his New York tabloid, the *Daily Mirror*. A brilliant managing editor was rushed by airplane from Boston to take charge.

The first issue of the *Mirror* came out, a slavish imitation of the *Daily News* in every respect, even to the typographical layout of the front page. Reproached with this, the formidable array of Hearst editorial talent blandly said: "An imitation of the *Daily News?* Of course. The *Daily News* is a success. Why not imitate it? Of course the front page of the *Mirror* looks like the front page of the *News*. That'll make a lot of people buy it under the impression they're getting the *News*."

Apparently a lot of people did buy the *Mirror* thinking it was the *News*. The first edition of 300,000 copies was a complete sell-out. Since then the *Mirror* has faithfully, at times pathetically, imitated the *Daily News*. Today, more than a year after its start, the *Daily Mirror* has reached approximately 250,000 circulation. A month after the *Mirror* started the *News* passed 800,000.

Possibly ashamed of the manner in which it had copied the general style and makeup of the *News*, the *Mirror* decided upon a change. The name of the paper was accordingly printed in red ink, an unmistakable mark of differentiation. It occurred to the *Mirror* that while a lot of people might be buying it under the impression that it was the *News*, perhaps there were some who were buying the *News* thinking it was the *Mirror*. It's a poor rule which doesn't work both ways, and they wanted to find out.

They did. Circulation fell. The red line came off. The *Mirror* began to look and smell and feel more like the *News* than ever.

The *News* started a Tongue Teasers' contest. The *Mirror* promptly started a Tongue Twisters' contest. The *News* took photographs of passersby in the street, and offered prizes to those who were photographed, upon satisfactory identification. The *Mirror* assigned a photographer to do the same thing. The *News* had a horoscope feature which had proved highly successful. The *Mirror* started one too. The *News* inaugurated an afternoon edition. Out came the *Mirror* with an afternoon edition. The *News* came out with a pink edition for the theater trade, desperately trying to get away from the ever-increasing similarity. The *Mirror* had no pink paper on hand. It made venomous references to the "Pink Punk" edition of the *News*. Then, sadly, a large supply of pink paper, of exactly the same shade as that used by the *News*, was purchased by the *Mirror*, and used in its bulldog edition.

The *News* passed the 900,000 mark. Apparently imitating the *News* wouldn't make the *Mirror*. There was only one thing to do. The *News* managing editor during all these bitter months was Philip Payne. Mr. Hearst hired Mr. Payne. The day Mr. Payne came back from Europe, after a vacation, to assume his new duties, the *News* passed the million mark.

In the meantime there had arisen a further complication in the person of the interesting Bernarr Macfadden. Scorning to imitate anybody, Mr. Macfadden, whose publications in the magazine field reached nine millions of people, started an afternoon daily, the *Evening Graphic*, a few months after the *Mirror* was born. The *Graphic*, excepting for its size, was unlike either the *Mirror* or the *News*.

A member of the Newspaper Club, reading the first issue, promptly dubbed the new paper the Porno Graphic. It seemed as if the old *Police Gazette* had better look at once to its barber-shop laurels. But if one went below the surface, read between the lines, it could be discerned that the rather frank photographs of large-busted young women, several of which managed to get into each edition, were printed in the interests of Better Womanhood. To prove it Mr. Macfadden printed photographs of his own daughters in one-piece bathing suits.

If the lurid fiction printed by the *Graphic* had to do with triangles and lures and seductions and intimate experiences, it was merely to warn the young shop girls, who began at once to buy and read the *Graphic*, of the dangers that beset them. A large cash prize was offered for the most perfect man and woman. The ultimate idea was a hygienic, eugenic marriage of the perfect couple, under the auspices and with the blessing of the *Graphic*. Only absolutely perfect young men and women were eligible to enter. It is amazing to chronicle that New York City at the moment was full of perfection. Thousands of perfect young men and women entered the contest.

Mr. Hearst and Mr. Patterson smiled indulgently at this antic of their fellow publisher. They gave the *Graphic* a month.

Mr. Macfadden proceeded to make the most of that month. The other tabloids had more reporters than the *Graphic*. Very well, he would make the *Graphic* readers into reporters. Stories began to appear, signed by weird names which had never before known the thrill of author-

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ship. If Giovanni Lucasto was run over by a taxi, the story of his thrilling experience appeared that afternoon in the *Graphic* over Giovanni's own signature. When Tillie Blotz took a shot at her spouse with her trusty .44, Mr. Blotz, from his cot at Bellevue Hospital next day, dictated the story for the *Graphic*, and it appeared with some such enticing headline as this:

TILLIE MISSED ME WITH HER
FIRST TWO SHOTS, BUT—
By Leo Blotz

The other papers boasted drama critics. What of it? Mr. Macfadden invited his public to do its own first-nighting. Drama criticisms in the *Graphic* were then and are today written by butchers, bakers, and candlestick makers. At the end of three months the *Graphic* announced it would inaugurate a special Saturday rotogravure edition. This adjunct came into being and enjoyed a large sale. Delightful studies of young women in frank physical-culture poses appeared on the front page.

What need, with a front page like that, had Mr. Macfadden for Associated Press and International News Service, without which no daily newspaper is supposed to have a ghost of a chance to live?

Reluctantly Messrs. Hearst and Patterson, chums by then, conceded that perhaps Mr. Macfadden might be able to bluff his way through six months of life. The non-tabloids began to bestir themselves uneasily. The *News* by now had a regular daily circulation of more than 900,000, with an occasional break over the million mark on good days; its Sunday paper was more than a million. The *Mirror* reached about 250,000; the *Graphic* 97,000. A total of almost 1,300,000 tabloid readers every day. What was responsible for it?

Pictures, of course.

The conservative New York *Evening Post* started a midweek pictorial, printed in rotogravure. The *Times* announced an addition of four pages to its Sunday rotogravure. The Sunday *World* began to print rotogravure pictures in colors.

Each time a rumor was started to the effect that the *Graphic* was tottering, Mr. Macfadden, in large type, would announce a new contest, with large cash prizes. The *Graphic* offers a shopping service; it teaches you how to play the ukulele; it has a walking club, a physical-culture class, a dancing class, a dozen departments in which service of some sort is offered. Today nobody predicts its finish within the current year.

The tabloid fever is spreading. Young Vanderbilt, who started one in California, now has one in Florida. He is definitely committed to a program of expansion. Mr. Macfadden has confided to friends that he intends to start tabloids in Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. All over the country newspaper publishers are debating the matter of converting their eight-column papers into picture "tabs"—of making little ones out of big ones.

Negro Segregation Comes North

By WALTER WHITE

IN 1915 and 1916 various Southern and border cities, including Baltimore, Dallas, St. Louis, Louisville, and some eight or ten other municipalities enacted ordinances designed to confine colored people to certain restricted areas in those cities, creating Negro ghettos where the rights of these citizens were limited and the stamp of inferiority was put upon them. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People took a case arising from the passage of the ordinance in Louisville, Kentucky, carried it to the United States Supreme Court, and secured a unanimous decision which declared such ordinances to be not only an illegitimate exercise of the police power of the State, but a direct violation of the Federal Constitution.

With the cessation of European migration and the speeding up of Northern industries during and after the war, the great migration of Negroes from the South took place. Defeated in one attempt to limit the districts in which Negroes might live, the segregationists devised a new scheme to serve the same purpose as that intended in the ordinances which the Supreme Court had declared unconstitutional. The new method was that of private agreements among property holders through the inclusion of covenants in deeds to property in which the purchaser agreed not to sell the property to any person of Negro race or blood upon pain of forfeiture, the agreement usually extending over a period of twenty-one years. A suit based upon this covenant is now pending in the United States Supreme Court.

Back of these two movements lies a nation-wide effort on the part of certain groups backed by the Ku Klux Klan, directly or indirectly, to prevent Negroes through legal action or brute force from living anywhere save in restricted ghettos. Two recent outbursts of mob violence are the dramatic high points of this movement.

The most serious one occurred in Detroit, Michigan. In 1906 some 6,000 Negroes were living in that city. By 1911 the number had increased to 8,000. In that year began the steady movement toward Detroit of Negroes who sought and secured employment in the various industrial plants of that city, a movement which reached its highest point in 1916, 1917, and 1918. Today there are some 65,000 Negroes in Detroit.

Obviously, it is impossible to put sixty-five gallons of water in an eight-gallon can without an overflow. In the Ford plants alone in Detroit there are today employed between 11,000 and 14,000 Negroes making an average of seven dollars a day, the total earned in wages each day by Negroes in these two plants reaching between $75,000 and $100,000. A very considerable majority of these Negroes have saved money despite the high cost of living in Detroit. A number of them have bought or are buying their homes. They have purchased these houses in various sections of Detroit, in most instances without molestation, but during the last few years there have been numerous cases of mob violence in efforts to check this very natural expansion of the areas in which Negroes live.

These outbursts of violence have had various contributory causes. As early as 1920, a number of Negroes were

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shot and killed by policemen, especially in the neighborhood bordering on St. Antoine Street. There were inevitable retaliations in the killing of a nuumber of policemen which led to very strained relations. A group of colored citizens in Detroit called upon the Commissioner of Police and pointed out that probably a number of the policemen who were giving the trouble were Southern whites. Commissioner Inches looked up the record of the policemen who were assigned to that precinct and found that a majority of them were from the South. He removed them to other districts, replacing these officers with Northern-born men. As a result the trouble ceased. But, with the growth of the Klan and a drive by that organization to recruit members among police and court employees, this trouble has broken out again, resulting in the shooting of fifty-five citizens by police officers from January 1 to September 1 of this year.

During the past year, there have been a number of instances where mobs have attacked the homes of Negroes who have purchased houses in what before were "white neighborhoods." Last spring a colored woman and her family were notified by certain white people to vacate the home which they had recently purchased. Upon their refusal to do so, whites stoned the house, breaking a number of windows and a door. The damage was repaired. When another attack was made, the colored woman fired at the mob. A neighbor, wife of a policeman, swore out a warrant against the colored woman. She was tried, but two colored attorneys successfully defended her and she was acquitted.

Later on a colored physician who had lived for eight years in a house on King Avenue, purchased the corner house which was next door to his own residence. When neighbors found that he planned moving into the corner house and renting his old home, neighborhood meetings were held and threats were made against him. The physician, however, moved into the new home and let it be known that he was going to protect his home and his family, if necessary. There was no further trouble. In June another colored man bought a home on Spokane Avenue in the northwestern section of the city. A mob broke into his home, smashed a great deal of the furniture, loaded the rest of it on a van and carried it back to this man's former home. Nothing was done by the police to prevent this attack.

Last spring Dr. O. H. Sweet, a colored physician who has been practicing in Detroit for four years—a graduate of Wilberforce and Howard universities, who with his wife recently returned from Vienna where they had been studying—bought a home at 2905 Garland Avenue at the corner of Charlevoix. When Dr. Sweet moved into his home on the afternoon of September 8, there was a crowd outside which hooted and jeered but offered no violence. From seven o'clock that evening until four the next morning there was a large crowd outside the house though no attack was made on the Sweet home. The following evening the crowd began gathering around seven o'clock. According to statements made by Dr. Sweet to me on September 18 in the Wayne County jail there were some six hundred people massed directly in front of his house, with many hundreds more nearby. Dr. Sweet declared that about seven o'clock the mob began bombarding the house with bricks, stones, and other missiles. A little after eight o'clock Dr. Sweet's brother, a dentist, and a friend drove up to the house in a taxicab. When the mob saw that they were colored, it pelted them with missiles as they ran into the house. Shortly afterward there was firing and two men outside were hit—one man was killed and the other wounded. Police officers, which included an inspector, a lieutenant, and eight policemen, became very active at this point, rushed into the house, and arrested the eleven occupants, including Mrs. Sweet who has a fourteen-months-old baby.

On September 16, 17, and 18, a preliminary hearing was held before Judge Faust in the Detroit Recorder's Court. The prosecution introduced its witnesses, including Inspector Morton M. Schuknecht who declared under oath that there were only fifteen or twenty persons outside the house, that there was no disorder, and that he had heard of no threats against Dr. Sweet though he had found it necessary to detail ten men to this neighborhood to protect the house and two additional traffic officers, each a block away from the house, to divert traffic from those streets. Other witnesses produced by the prosecution testified to the same effect. An interesting fact was brought out about one of the witnesses. He, a police officer, under cross examination by one of the defense attorneys, revealed that he had been in Detroit only twenty months, having gone there directly from his birthplace, Tullahoma, Tennessee. He obviously resented being cross-examined, by a Negro attorney particularly, when he was asked if it were not rather unusual for one so recently from the South to be sent to defend the home of a Northern Negro. Despite all the evidence, including the statements of the Detroit press that the mob numbered some five thousand, Judge Faust held all of the eleven defendants for trial, without bail, charged with murder in the first degree.

The Negroes of Detroit and a group of the better class of white citizens of that city have organized to defend Dr. Sweet and his ten codefendants. Mayor John W. Smith has appointed an interracial committee composed of Tracy W. McGregor, philanthropist and business man, Fred H. Gilbert, manufacturer and president of the Detroit Citizens' League, Jefferson B. Webb, lumber man and former president of the Board of Commerce, Fred G. Dewey, president of the Wayne County Bar Association, these four being white; and four Negro members—W. Hayes McKinney, attorney and chairman of the Legal Redress Committee of the N. A. A. C. P., Dr. A. E. Carter, a physician, Walter Stowers, an attorney, and Lewis Marshall, supervisor of the fourteen thousand Negro employees of the Ford Motor Company. This commission is designed to go thoroughly into the causes of ill feeling between certain classes of white and colored citizens in Detroit and to make such recommendations as are deemed advisable to prevent further disorders.

Another case similar to Dr. Sweet's has arisen in Staten Island, New York. In February, 1924, Samuel A. Browne, a mail carrier whose wife is a school teacher, bought a home in Castleton Hill, Staten Island. On purchasing the home from the former owner, a white woman from Kentucky, Mr. Brown asked particularly if there would be any trouble through his moving into the neighborhood. Upon being assured that there would be no trouble, the deal was consummated. Mr. Browne later

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found that his next-door neighbor was from the South. Shortly after Mr. Browne and his wife and their four children moved into the house, trouble began.

Mr. Browne's neighbor made an indirect offer to purchase the house for five hundred dollars more than what Mr. Browne paid. This offer was refused as Mr. Browne had purchased the house as a home for his family. Then began a campaign of threats against Mr. Browne. A number of these threats were signed "K. K. K." Mass meetings were held in the neighborhood. Forty or more men marched up the street, halted before the house and faced it, this maneuver being repeated at frequent intervals. On several occasions, the house was bombarded with stones, windows and doors being broken, the shrubbery and lawn torn up. Seven times the fire insurance on the house was canceled by as many different companies. Mr. Browne was warned that his enemies had employed an ex-service man, an expert rifle shot; he was told that he would be shot as he carried mail on his route and that no one would ever know the killer. Similar threats were made against Mrs. Browne and the children, all of the four children being under ten years of age.

Mr. Browne secured a permit to keep firearms in his house and a long siege began. Night after night, week after week, month after month, the Brownes lived in a state of siege. Mrs. Browne taught school during the day and Mr. Browne carried mail on his route; they took turns sitting up at night to guard their home. Finally the authorities were stirred to action, a policeman was constantly on guard at the house, and finally the Richmond County Grand Jury indicted Musco M. Robinson, Mr. Browne's neighbor from the South, and five others for conspiracy.

As the Negro population grows it is inevitable that the districts in which the Negroes formerly lived cannot continue to house them. They will move into districts where they can find better conditions than exist in the restricted areas. American democracy would be a poor thing indeed if such a desire for better conditions did not develop.

Continued brutality in opposing these natural efforts toward better living conditions is creating a spirit of grim determination among colored people to fight fire with fire. In one case in Detroit where threats had been made against a colored man, he and a friend borrowed several rifles and spent an afternoon sitting on their front porch cleaning the guns in plain view of their white neighbors. There was no trouble and for six years this man has lived in his house free from molestation. The question which must be answered by the authorities and by decent citizens throughout America is this: Are Negroes to be forced to resort to threats and bloodshed in order to secure decent places in which to live and rear their children?

A Back-Country Bolshevik

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Moscow, July 15

"DON'T you find it very lonesome in Russia, comrade? We are so much less civilized than you Americans" . . . I turn with a gasp to look at the tall, handsome man in white trousers and white Russian blouse who is addressing me. We are seated on the great dining-veranda of the Sverdlova Sanitarium in the health resorts of the northern Caucasus. It is a sanitarium of the Social Insurance, so all my companions are workers.

The tall, handsome speaker comes from the Donetz coal region and has told me already that "his specialty is making window-glass." With equal pride of technique might a surgeon have announced his specialty as appendicitis. Russian factory workers today have this pride of calling.

"But what makes you think Americans more cultured than Russians?" I ask the glass-worker. Out from the social hall come the strains of a piano and a chorus of voices; the workers in the sanitarium have gathered informally after dinner to sing old folk songs. The night before we had had a symphony concert in our park, given by artists of the State Opera House down from Moscow. A lecture on Contemporary Literature by a famous speaker is announced for tomorrow. It is a bit startling to hear this white-clad gentleman revering my superior culture.

"We have only just learned to read and write in Russia," he explains to me. "All the things that come after, science and art and technique and how to behave courteously to one another—we have hardly begun on those things. But your American workers learned to read and write when they were children. They must be ever so much more civilized than we."

I try to reassure him. "It is true we have in America much better technique than you. Many more bath-tubs, more automobiles, a more comfortable life. Tremendous skyscrapers, and the most efficient industry in the world. Yet our factory workers do not know as much of world politics as yours do." I remind him of the "living newspaper," a feature in the amateur dramatics of every factory, in which the relations of France and Poland, or the latest scandal of the Balkans, are as intimately portrayed by Russian factory workers as the jests between freshman and sophomores in an American college farce.

"Politically it is true that we are awake," he admits, "because of our revolution. But in other things we are asleep and backward." I remind him of the symphony concert and ask if that is culture.

His view of America dies hard. After dinner we play as partners in a game of dominoes against two sailors from Odessa. The Russian dominoes is almost as scientific as whist. My partner is an excellent player, and I soon learn the meaning of his leads. Whenever we win, he shouts joyously to all who may listen: "Don Bas, organized—America, civilized! Together—unbeatable!"

The sanitarium in which we are staying, nestled in the foothills of the northern Caucasus, was once a private park, the resort of the wealthy and great of Russia. Imagine foothills like those of Southern California, with their mixture of great, bare, rolling height and pleasant, tree-filled valleys. Set in among these, sulphur springs, iron springs, soda springs, hot mud lakes, and around them a host of hotels with open verandas and vast stone bathing pavilions with many rooms and hundreds of skilled attendants.

Since the revolution all these sanitariums and hotels

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and villas are the property of the Health Department of Russia, to be used in building a health program for the people. Since that department cannot run them all on its meager budget, it rents many of them to other organizations. The Social Insurance of the Department of Labor is its chief customer, and picks out the largest and best sanitariums, attempting with inter-departmental competition to run them a trifle more lavishly than the sanitariums of the health department itself. Thus I have been furnished with free underwear and bath-cloak, as well as tooth-brush and tooth-powder in sealed packages. The white suits of the glass-worker also come from hospital stores. Sandals also, that no worker may avoid the health-giving walks on gravelly roadways for fear of wearing out his own hard-bought shoes.

This sanitarium is entirely filled with workers, sent for their health by the Social Insurance. Next to me sits a maker of felt boots from Siberia. He acquired rheumatism by standing long months in water through the civil war; it is aggravated by the wet conditions of his factory. I ask him why he can't wear rubber boots at work, and he laughs.

"The steam is so thick that you can't see the nearest worker. My boots would fill with water in no time. The only real cure is better technical methods and this our factory cannot afford. Russia hasn't money for proper technique yet." Thus he indicates the contrast in Russia's life today: technically very backward, so that her workers get rheumatism from preventable causes; socially advanced, so that the best sanitariums are placed freely at their disposal. The maker of felt boots tells me that he likes his job, even though it gives him rheumatism. "Once I got a job in a typographical place, but I didn't feel at home, I wanted to get back to making felt boots. Why? I don't know. Except, perhaps, that I'm skilled at it."

There is another man at our table who comes from Siberia. He often wears a flaming shirt of red flannel. I noticed him first when a waitress made a sudden movement, and he jumped as if he had been shot. "Don't do that," he said querulously. "I'm a very nervous person." I almost laughed, the cruel laughter of a healthy person who does not understand. But a woman from Leningrad, an old revolutionist, laid her hand on my arm. "Don't laugh," she said. "All of us old prisoners know him. He had a hard time. Forty or fifty prisons under the Czar—they seem to have given him all the worst ones. Most of his life he spent in jail. In the civil war, though barely out of prison, he did secret-service work along the Kolchak front. Once he was caught with five others and sentenced to death. He dug his grave with his own hands. But he had a bomb in his pocket that had been overlooked in the search, and when his captors drew away to shoot them, he flung the bomb into the midst of his captors.

"He escaped with the five others in the explosion that followed. They swam a wide river that was very cold, and the pursuers came after and shot at them from the banks. Three of his comrades never came out of the river; whether they were drowned or shot he does not know. . . . After that he did still more secret-service work. It is no wonder that he is here for his nerves." After that I ceased to laugh at the thin, trembling little man in the red flannel shirt.

In the evening after the domino game the glass-worker came to my room, to ask for some large sheets of typewriter paper. "We are writing out a complaint," he said, "about the sanitarium." To my inexperienced eyes the sanitarium had seemed nearly perfect. The food was a trifle monotonous, but what can one ask as a charity patient? It was wholesome. "What is the complaint?" I asked.

"It is a party matter," he told me, "but I will inform you afterwards." Next morning I learned that among the two hundred patients in Sverdlova were some twenty Communists. Though only here for six weeks' rest, they had none the less promptly formed their "Communist center" for the sanitarium. Several of them had been in other sanitariums of the Social Insurance which were better run than this one. "The food is not enjoyable; there are too many young, untrained doctors; too many folks have been employed because of relationship to the head doctor." So the Communist patients in the hospital held a meeting and after careful discussion drew up a complaint which all were willing to sign. This complaint would go straight through party channels to the Central Control Commission of the party, which is also the head of the government's inspection. There would be an investigating commission. "The chief doctor heard we were having a meeting and came to the door," said the glass-worker. "He was as white as a sheet. We let him in for ten minutes and then we sent him out again."

I had heard stories of how the medical staff was "terrorized" by the Communist patients. Now I was seeing it. I felt sorry for the doctor; he was a pleasant, inoffensive, easy-going Russian. But the glass-worker looked at me sternly. "You are sorry for that doctor," he accused me, severely. "But if we Communists stop to be sorry for every inefficient person, what would happen to our control and to our revolution? The sanitariums of the state must be looked after."

This introduced me to a new side of the glass-worker. In ordinary contacts he was cheerful, thoughtless, young. He flirted pleasantly with the girls; he sang songs or strolled in the moonlight; he laughed his triumph over dominoes. But he was, for all that, a sincere back-country Bolshevik; the moment a question of party arose, he became hard, ruthless, efficient.

He told me of his life in the Donetz Basin. "Beside my regular job as glass-maker," he said, "I am president of the Friends of Children for the district. We raise money for orphans. It is not so simple as it was three years ago. Then we just took the money from the bourgeois." He smiled happily at the recollection.

"I was president then of the extraordinary commission of our little town. The Cheka—you've heard of it. I would send for the bourgeois one after another. We had them all listed, how much money they had, and what they were doing with it. They would come in, looking a trifle worried, but trying to hide it. 'Comrade Petroff,' they would say—of course they all knew me—'what is it you want?' 'Well, citizen, the matter is this. We have several hundred in the children's home, besides children of soldiers that are away at the front. All of these must be fed. They have no shoes nor change of clothing. We have put you down for so many hundred rubles and so many suits of underwear.' Just like that. He would begin to protest that he couldn't, but I would nod to the soldier at the door. 'Take him to the cellar for a while. I have lots more of them to see.' For my time was worth much to the revolution just then and I could not stop to argue with these people. Well, after two or three hours, it would be cold and damp in that cellar and he would be

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afraid of getting rheumatism, and he would ask to see me. They had orders to bring him as soon as he asked, for I was on duty twenty hours a day. He would start to tell me that he was ready to contribute to the children but not so much as I asked. 'No,' I told him, 'we have counted carefully how much the children need to eat and we have to get every bit that we ask for.' So he would give it to us. Our children were all properly fed; they were all healthy. But then, of course, Denikin came and I was captured, for when Denikin came I was a spy on the front."

"Why didn't they shoot you?" I asked.

"But of course they did not know me. They were stupid; they never could imagine that workers had intelligence. I made myself dirty and ragged and destroyed all my papers except one that said I was unemployed and given permission to go to a certain town looking for work. They put me in the mine, and I escaped. Of course, if they had known me they would have shot me.

"We shot them too. When we took the Crimea there were four hundred officers of Wrangel taken at one time and they were all shot. They died shouting: 'God save Wrangel.' That was their idea, the monarchy, the Czar; they were brave men and died for it. Just as we died also for our idea. But it is our idea that is coming in the world and their idea that is going."

We walked out on the cliff in the moonlight and his mind turned to lighter subjects. A textile worker from near Moscow passed by with the sailor from Odessa; a charming girl in white. "I like that girl," said the glass-worker, with simple directness. "I want very much to embrace her. If she were a comrade, I should like to marry her." A moment later he was sighing for a cigarette to smoke, and afterwards for an apple.

"You seem to have many desires," I said, nettled at his casualness. Unintentionally I used a word which means in Russian a strong, permanent feeling. He corrected me quickly.

"No," he said. "I have only one desire. These are all just temporary wishes."

"Even the girl?" I asked. "Is she like the apple and cigarette?"

He laughed at my feminine pique. "But of course she is a more serious wish, since such a wish lies at the foundation of life. But even she is only temporary. For if I should marry the girl, a man does not wish always to be with his wife. There is only one desire that is permanent in me, and that is to work for the Soviet power with all my strength, so that the revolution may come throughout the world."

It was said strongly and sincerely, but in a moment we passed to other subjects. We observed the planet Mars, hanging low in the south, and he wondered what persons might live there, and if they had achieved any form of social revolution. From Mars he drifted easily back to the Wrangel troops.

"All those officers who were killed," he said musingly. "They were not any loss to the world at all. They did not know how to produce anything. Neither bread, nor window-glass, nor music, nor order. They knew only how to extend the empire of the Czar. And that was something the world did not have use for." Thus simply he disposed of the problem of life and death and turned to a game of dominoes on the veranda.

In the Driftway

CERTAIN Methodists, and various other persons from distant and little-heard-of places, have taken it upon themselves to traduce New York. A modern Sodom, they call it, a living Gomorrah; why not raze it to the ground and build in its place a nice little incinerating plant or an up-to-date factory? Why not send its inhabitants back to the decent, God-fearing places they came from, to lead again honorable lives free from the corruption of the fiend tobacco, the demon rum, the unclothed chorus-girl?

* * * * *

TO these strictures on one of his favorite cities the Drifter would hardly deign to make reply. New York as a whole, of course, seldom hears and certainly never heeds these criticisms. There is too much noise all day and all night as it is. And the Drifter, walking up one street and down another, as it his wont, is moved only to smile to himself when he thinks of them. He watches the ships loading at the river's edge; huge cranes lift their mysterious burdens, men run about on the ground or high up on the wharves; sparrows fly almost beneath his feet to pick up dropped kernels of grain. He hangs over the embankment at Thirty-third Street and watches the trains coming into a great terminal; hundreds of trains a day, from the West, the South, the North, bringing in goods.

* * * * *

IN the half-light of evening the spans of four bridges show delicately against the sky. Lights begin to bloom on them, hurrying motors, slow trucks, a policeman's motorcycle, trolley-cars, the long, winding elevated trains—all carry lights. They are reflected in the oily water below and in the shining pavement. There are boats in the river, with lights also, red and green; slow ferries and long, low freighters, schooners with their sails safely furled, impudent motor boats, the great bulk of liners gently riding at their docks. On the shore the sharp outlines of the buildings are picked out with lights; the Woolworth tower, the new telephone building with its curiously placed masses, the Whitehall Building, square and solid on the end of the island, all the jagged lines of buildings between, clear where they are near the eye, melting into mist farther away.

* * * * *

ON Forty-second Street at 8:30 the lights are at their brightest. People are hurrying to the theaters, to be corrupted, perhaps, by the wicked plays they will see. The sidewalks are filled with people, the streets with motors. The Drifter examines the faces that pass him; somehow they do not look corrupt; they look eager, expectant, alive. They are talking animatedly, gesticulating, urging each other on. Evidently New York's corruption does not weigh heavily on these people; possibly they are so accustomed to corruption, so hardened by the hideously wicked sights that surround them every day that they are quite lost to honor and decency. But they look happy. Occasionally one passes whose chin is sunk in his collar, whose eye gleams at the people hastening to damnation, at the pictures in front of the theaters, with a sour look. He is evidently in New York on a mission, perhaps to investigate possible factory sites after Gomorrah has been razed to the ground.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Private Money for State Universities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The interest in the question Shall State universities accept gifts from "incorporated educational institutions"? is a wholesome indication that the public conscience is alive, if not always wisely or disinterestedly alive. In the first place, why assume or imply that the source of the funds of "incorporated educational institutions" is a polluted underground spring? Should not the charge be specific, and the discrimination likewise? To carry out such a policy would require a Board of Moral Censorship possessed of such rare wisdom as one would despair of finding even in the personnel of a university faculty, the president included. Secondly, what better taint-remover have we at our disposal than the purifying service of education and philanthropy? Here if anywhere the social alchemist of the twentieth century may seek the formula for transmuting the baser metals into gold. Thirdly, is there really any taint in money, or only in the manner and motive of its acquisition and employment?

The central argument is that of the covert or overt influence upon educational policies, a menace of contamination or embarrassment no less real for being subtle and indirect. The appeal is to a moral judgment: Is it right to accept such funds? This is the approved criterion of those who answer "Yes," and of those who answer "No." The effect of the consequences of secession upon the fortunes of a university withdrawing from the generally accepted benefits is not irrelevant, but for clarity of issue may be given a secondary place. Both parties are thus committed to the vital position that universities should be free to direct their policies and activities, untrammeled by alien pressure from whatever source.

The right conception of a State university makes it simply the State's contribution to the higher education. Every right-minded State university should be ready and eager to play its part in the educational life of the nation. It should be willing to compare its standards of aim and achievement with those of the foremost institutions of the land; it should form a cooperative part of the national educational assets. From that point forward, the crucial matter is not where the funds come from but the wisdom and spirit of their expenditure. A university that is not completely free to direct this phase of its functioning is unfortunately handicapped. There are times when it is fitting to remember and times when it is essential to forget that a university is dependent upon its funds. Neither dramatic nor educational nor journalistic enterprises are to be judged by the manner of their support; the desirable ideal in each case is to render them capable of their best service.

We are thus driven to consider—and with a frankness that runs the risk of offending—the relative menace of political influence which seems inseparable from publicly supported institutions and that subtly exercised by private or corporate benefactors. To their credit be it said that the more responsible of the corporations administering vast funds for public benefit have been keenly mindful of this danger and have avoided it, making foresight compatible with generosity. But it is not coarse strings, we are told, but invisible tiny threads that make the web of entanglement. Back of this view is the attitude that accepts the conflict of interests between mass and class as inevitable and irreconcilable. It does not tire of recounting the discreditable story of vested interests and the tyranny of capital; it is keenly alive to the grasping dictation of Wall Street, but not so mindful of the deadening insensibility of Main Street.

The capitalistic encroachment upon the educational establishment is real and a sinister tribute to the far-reaching powers of knowledge. It was made the melodramatic theme of Upton Sinclair's "The Goose-Step," where the evils of benevolent penetration may be read page upon page, reel upon reel, in high-colored denunciation. What is needed is a calm but frank exposition of the many-sided evils of political encroachment upon the same field. In view of the wily methods employed by politicians who are not statesmen, and by some who profess to be such, and their favorite technique of covering their tracks and throwing the public off the scent, the companion volume might bear the title of "The Fox-Trot." But the nefarious methods of political intrigue are too well known to need recital.

Next we are told that a dependence upon corporate (and why not also private?) benefaction is undemocratic. The test of democracy lies not in the form of an institution or of its support but in the spirit of its administration, of which the key-note is self-determination. When I survey with a fairly long perspective of educational experience the administrative temper of endowed and State universities, I cannot but conclude that there is far more democracy, far less distrust of self-determination, among those freely seeking aid from all properly disposed sources than among those with inevitably close political affiliations. Democracy, not as a copy-book maxim or as an oratorical political gesture but embodied in practice under the inspiration of a guiding principle, is the only sort that affects the morale of an individual or an institution. I have long but vainly been expecting that some prospective regent or trustee would decline the honor on the ground that the prevalent system of governing a university is not sufficiently democratic for his convictions; or if not that, would accept the post with the declaration of his endeavor to modify the form of control so as to give a larger and more responsible participation to the faculty; or if not that, would see to it that no decisions affecting educational policy would be reached without faculty consultation and approval—all in the interests of a true democratic government. Admittedly this is another problem, but pertinent in that it indicates the essential criterion of democracy in the educational realm.

While this discussion has been prompted by the recent action at the University of Wisconsin, it will not serve its purpose if limited to that incident. That decision may be, indeed seems likely to be, reversed (the vote was nine in favor to six opposed) when it is realized that with few exceptions the members of the faculty, editorial writers, alumni, citizens interested in the intellectual welfare of the State, in Wisconsin as elsewhere, are wholly out of sympathy with it and regard the action as based upon a sincere but mistaken view of the situation. It seems reasonable to suppose that members of a governing board, who by the form of control that happens to obtain find themselves in authority to impose a far-reaching policy unacceptable to those intimately concerned, will hesitate to enforce it, however truly it represents their convictions, at the price of an unfortunate state of disharmony. Such is not the democratic temper.

Madison, Wisconsin, October 3 JOSEPH JASTROW

Down with Editors!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Today I bought and read, for the first time, a copy of *The Nation*. The most interesting part of it is the "Correspondence," which is usually the case with papers featuring editorials and articles. Outside of the news, the correspondence sections of such dailies as the Chicago *Tribune*, the New York *World*, and the New York *Times* are the most interesting parts of these great journals. A letter to the editor, as a rule, is the first thing to be read by the average reader. Why is this? Probably it is because people like common people best.

Charleston, W. Va., October 3 RAY A. FRAME

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Books and Plays

If We Take All Gold

By LOUISE BOGAN

If we take all gold
And put all gold by,
Lay by the treasure
In the shelved earth's crevice,
Under, under the deepest,
Store sorrow's gold—
That which we thought precious
And guarded even in sleep
Under the miserly pillow—
If it be laid away,
Crushed under dark heaped ground,
Then shall we have sleep,
Sorrow's gold being taken
From out the swept house,
From the rifled coffers put by.

First Glance

NEW ENGLAND has its Rip Van Winkle in Peter Rugg, the Missing Man; and like Rip Van Winkle Peter Rugg is the creation of a single mind. It was in 1824, five years after "The Sketch Book," that William Austin published his tale of the driver of the black horse who appeared on the roads from time to time and inquired the way to Boston. He sat uneasily in a weather-beaten chaise of antique make, and a curious child, who, according to some persons, looked more like an old woman than anything else, sat patiently by his side. The black horse that drew them was possessed of an unaccountable energy; furious and untiring, he waxed more powerful and handsome as Peter Rugg and his daughter, destined to go a journey that was to have no end, grew more anxious and shrunken in their seats. Peter Rugg, it seems, was never to reach his Boston; or, if he was, he was never to stop at the house where Dame Rugg waited for him. Always he lost his way, and often he was seen urging his horse to the west or the north or the south. His bewilderment, when he would be told the distance he had still to go, was as pathetic as it was strange. "Why, how can you deceive me so? It is cruel to mislead a traveler. It is all turn back! Boston shifts with the wind, and plays all around the compass. The rivers, too, have changed their courses. But see! The clouds are gathering in the south, and we shall have a rainy night." And always the rain came—from a cloud that followed like fate and poured its water and lightning on the pair. Through New Hampshire, Vermont, and Connecticut hurried Peter with his child. He was found on a ferry crossing the Hudson to New York; even Delaware, even Virginia saw him lashing the black flanks ahead of him in the conviction that only a few more miles would bring him home. They never did. For once, starting from Concord during a storm, he had sworn an oath that he would reach Boston that night or never reach it. That was in the eighteenth century, under good King George. And no one knew how long the elements he had defied would keep him going.

It is an excellent story, and one with all the qualities of a legend—which it has become. Amy Lowell, who worked it over for one of her best poems, testified to its having inspired an abiding fear of her childhood. "How often have I driven through the hush which precedes a thunderstorm, all of a tremble lest I should meet the old man and the child in the yellow-wheeled chaise. A true legend it was to me, long before I knew its origin." What better compliment to a legend than to say that people know it without knowing its origin? In "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man" William Austin made a singularly pure and important contribution to American literature.

Who, then, was Austin, and what else did he write? I opened "William Austin, the Creator of Peter Rugg," by Walter Austin (Marshall Jones: $5), in high hopes of finding answers to these questions; and I was disappointed. Apparently there is nothing of significance to know. Austin was a Massachusetts lawyer of commonplace if admirable qualities. He did a little writing, of which he was not particularly proud, and he made a few speeches; but not a single fact in these three hundred faithful pages throws any light upon the man who dreamed the anxious dream of Peter Rugg. Nor do three others tales, reprinted here, explain anything. They are devoid of interest; they are deservedly dead. Austin, it seems, must remain one of those curious cases of men who are struck once by the lightning of a beautiful idea and never afterward so much as stroll into a storm.

MARK VAN DOREN

Mr. Stefansson on Wrangel Island

The Adventure of Wrangel Island. Written by Vilhjalmur Stefansson with the Collaboration of John Irvine Knight. The Macmillan Company. $6.

THIS romantic and vastly interesting story—a real adventure—relates to one of those disastrous expeditions heretofore all too common in the annals of the Far North. That the Arctic is actually friendly and livable under correct conditions Mr. Stefansson has abundantly proved. No more than anywhere else—no more, say, than in Minnesota or Dakota—does disaster come there because of temperature or weather. If it comes it is because conditions have not been properly met, because the situation has not been mastered.

In the particular adventure here described four men die on a distant, desolate island in a frozen ocean; a small lone woman and a cat survive the fateful ordeal; another man falls under a cloud; a colony is captured, disrupted, and deported, and its property is confiscated by the Russian Soviet; another man dies in Vladivostok; and the chief sponsor of the enterprise finds himself repaid for his valiant endeavor by a burden of debt and disappointment—disappointment not only because his plan failed but because four gallant comrades were destroyed.

Between its discovery in 1849 by Captain Kellet, a British naval officer, and 1911 no Russian had ever seen Wrangel Island, but numerous Americans and British had landed upon it. Mr. Stefansson, therefore, absolutely rules out Russia's claim and awards the island first to the British and second to the Americans. Confident of this first right of the British by reason of their discovery and the later occupation for months by the Canadian crew of the wrecked Karluk, he devised the plan, being Canadian born, of securing the island for the British as a way station from London, say, to the Orient by the air. As Peary believed, so Mr. Stefansson believes that air navigation is destined soon to become of first concern. The shortest

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route from London to Peking is by air, and from that point of view Wrangel as a British possession assumes a vast importance to British interests—an importance that will be appreciated better in years to come. Several other men shared Mr. Stefansson's enthusiasm on this subject and joined with him in promoting it. "So started our glorious adventure," remarks the explorer. He well knew that a colony could find support on the island, for there is game and much driftwood—the latter somewhat unusual in the Arctic. "We five," writes Mr. Stefansson, "were as sure of the value of the island as we were of the law and the rights in the case, and we thought all men would come to agree with us on every point when they learned the facts we knew."

Pooling their funds, the five proceeded in high spirits. Stefansson remained "on the outside," in order to obtain recognition from the government. Had he been able to go with the party the story would have been entirely different. Not only is he a wonderful hunter; he is endowed with caution and forethought. Three of the four men who went to the island were Americans: Knight, Maurer, and Galle. The fourth was a Canadian, Allan Crawford, who was commander by reason of his nationality. Crawford was inexperienced in Arctic living; the others were old hands at it. Indeed, it seemed to them so simple and easy that they were undone by their very contempt for the dangers. The fifth member of the party was a little Eskimo woman, Mrs. Ada Blackjack, brought up in a Mission school at Nome. She was not versed in Eskimo life, but was an expert in making fur clothing. It was absolutely necessary to have a seamstress of this kind, and others engaged backed out. She went, expecting other Eskimos to be picked up later. None could be induced to go.

In 1921 the Silver Wave landed these five and the cat on Wrangel. In 1922 the supply ship, Teddy Bear, found it impossible to reach the island on account of the heavy jam of ice. Food was low on the island. The little colony watched eagerly for the sight of the ship which did not come. A second winter congealed the sea and the land. In 1923 Mr. Stefansson, then abroad trying to convince the British of the high value of the island to them, sent Harold Noice, in the Donaldson, to try to get through. He succeeded after numerous difficulties. When he got his first view in the twilight of the desolate shores, "a vague portent," he says, "that all was not well assailed me." This passed. When day came they were in sight of "a broad expanse of moss-covered prairie which looked beautiful"; and accordingly the rescuers felt reassured. Only when they landed did the tragic reality break upon them. In all that vast area the only living beings discovered were the little Eskimo woman and the cat. Mr. Stefansson gives a full account of the tragedy, based on Knight's diary and on other notes found, as well as on Mrs. Blackjack's own statement.

Noice had not been well, and the shock appears temporarily to have put his nervous system to too great a strain. That he was not normal is clear from the fact that when he entered the hut where the remains of Knight reposed and found Knight's diary he sat down to read the diary with his back to the body. Believing that something he read was a reflection on the departed men, he removed several pages and blotted out some lines on other pages. This was a sorry lack of judgment, and Mr. Stefansson is rightly more than indignant at this assumption of censorship; and also at a newspaper interview which was obtained on the return of the party to Nome. For these transgressions Noice has expressed profound regret and sorrow, maintaining that they were due to his upset nervous condition; and that the newspapermen misunderstood him. He is a young man, and should not be condemned too severely. Nerves and poor judgment are a sufficient explanation. The pages were returned. They are published in this volume, and it is clear that there was no reason whatever for their extraction.

Meanwhile the colony which Noice left on the island by Mr. Stefansson's orders—thirteen Eskimos under command of Charles Wells, an American trapper—flourished. Then one day a Soviet gunboat, the Red October, appeared. Everything was confiscated, including furs worth $15,000 it is claimed. Wells and his Eskimos were hustled on board and unceremoniously dumped at Vladivostok, where Wells died of exposure. It is not necessary to remark the high-handed cruelty and injustice of this proceeding, which was characteristically Russian. Mr. Stefansson reproduces accounts from a number of newspapers, but no investigation by authority has been made, it seems.

In the earlier portion of the volume Stefansson reviews the history of Wrangel, recites the drift of the Karluk from Hadley's narrative, and gives in detail much of his discussion with officials on the Wrangel Island subject. The final part is occupied with eleven appendices. All the documents in the case are t be reproduced by photostat and made accessible at the American Geographical Society, Toronto University, and other places of learning.

FREDERICK S. DELLENBAUGH

A Dream of Venice

The Venetian Glass Nephew. By Elinor Wylie. George H. Doran Company. $2.

THE purpose of Mrs. Wylie's charming fantasy is to capture in a poet's mind a moment of beauty in the declining Renaissance. A previous novel has shown how skilfully she can catch the flavor, half absurd and wholly delightful, of a vanished society; and now her imagination, flitting from age to age in a search for delicate perfumes, has lit upon Venice at that moment in the eighteenth century when its twilight charm was fading before the garish beams of French enlightenment.

In her imagination the waters flow gently through the mysterious canals; the palaces rise, not stone by stone as the historical romancer might build them but as forms composed of trembling iridescent mist; and through the palaces move figures as insubstantial as their backgrounds, and yet, like them, luminous with a ghostly light. Casanova, grown old and boastful of his amorous exploits, affects his hearers with that faint boredom which was creeping over a city weary of too much brilliance; courtiers who must still pretend to like the faded tinsel of Sannazaro's "Arcadia" are beginning to be uncomfortably aware of the existence of M. Voltaire; and priests who have become by imperceptible gradations courtiers only are stifling with difficulty the yawns which came upon them in the midst of the mummeries which still must be kept up. The Renaissance, having lost faith in itself, is slowly dying; and yet there remains one man—a priest—able to summarize in himself all the beauty of which the moment is capable. Too innocent not to accept every charm that the eye can see or the ear hear, he is yet too simple either to guess how his fellow priests obtain the nephews whom he envies them or to understand the meaning of the advance absolution which his superior gives him; and he is constrained to seek from a magician the protege whom God has not seen fit to give him. Of this priest Mrs. Wylie makes her central character, and around the actions of his "nephew"—reputed to be made of spun glass but actually, one is led to suspect, owing his life to the less than supernatural operations of Casanova—she spins her tale.

No mind which thinks much about the art of life can fail to feel drawn toward a scrutiny of the Renaissance. One cannot but feel that some time during the course of that process by which the puritanical barbarism of the middle age was transformed into the cruel and empty sensuality of decadent Italy there must have been a moment when paganism and Christianity had achieved that perfect fusion which was the end for

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which the Renaissance was certainly striving—a moment, that is to say, when scruples and temperance did no more than make the full beauty of the world manifest and when that beauty was enjoyed just up to and not beyond the point where it dulls and corrupts. Yet look where one will one can never quite find it. One moment is still tinged, faintly at least, with the morose abstinence of St. Paul; the next is already touched with the hardness of pure paganism. And though one may prefer either to the other, it is not quite that moment of perfection for which one seeks. Perhaps it was, almost literally, only a moment; perhaps only one man or one woman enjoyed the perfect felicity of this perfect art during no more than a month or two and then, having all unawares stood upon the pinnacle, having without knowing it been at the exact center of a form that came to perfection, declined into death without leaving a trace by which the inquisitive scholar brooding over the past can identify either the man or the moment.

Mrs. Wylie, I like to imagine, was searching for that moment when she decided that it could never be found and that she would take instead her Cardinal Peter Innocent Bon as a man who could at least give some faint idea of what it was like. He is not, to be sure, quite perfect, for he leans ever so little toward the side which looks with disfavor upon the unmagical begetting of nephews, but in the midst of companions whose defects are not of that complexion the fault is not a serious one and so he will almost suffice. At any rate, Mrs. Wylie's book contains a fantasy of surprising delicacy and beauty, writing which is touched here and there by an irony so light as to be hardly distinguishable from tenderness; and if, perchance, she denies that any such fancy as this which I have attributed to her ever occupied her mind it may be sufficiently, I think, replied that her book will beget in the minds of her readers many fancies of which this is one and that she must, as their begetter, assume for them some responsibility.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Modern Art of Paleography

A Hand-list of Half-uncial Manuscripts. By E. A. Lowe. In *Miscellanea Fr. Ehrle, IV, pp. 34-61.* Rome: Tipografia del Senato.

Codices Lugdunenses Antiquissimi. Le Scriptorium de Lyon, La plus ancienne Ecole Calligraphique de France. Edited by E. A. Lowe. Bibliothèque de la Ville de Lyon.

The Palaeography of the Bobbio Missal. By E. A. Lowe. In *The Bobbio Missal.* Henry Bradshaw Society, LXI. London: Harrison and Sons.

THE art of paleography today means something more than the deciphering of curious and difficult modes of handwriting. The paleographer's task is not done when he has read a page of some ancient tome and assigned it to a century. With the start given by eminent scholars like Ludwig Traube, Léopold Delisle, and Cardinal Ehrle, paleography, especially when applied to the study of the early Middle Ages, has come to involve a searching examination of the different schools of writing both in themselves and in their relation to the culture of the times. It were hard to exaggerate the importance of such investigation for the sidelights which it throws on political history, letters, and art.

Among the workers in this field today few have made more substantial contributions than Dr. E. A. Lowe, a former pupil of Traube's and now for some years lecturer in paleography at the University of Oxford and Associate of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The works before us are typical of his studies during the past year, though more than a year or several years were needed to lay the foundation for structures like these. Hitherto Dr. Lowe's best-known works have dealt with the national minuscule scripts, particularly those of Italy and Spain, known respectively as the Beneventan and the Visigothic, which grew up at the beginning of the Middle Ages out of the ancient Roman cursive hands. In recent years he has turned his attention to the larger and more stately varieties, called uncial and half-uncial, that preceded the different sorts of minuscule.

The first of the works before us forms one of the varied array of contributions recently gathered in four portly volumes in honor of Cardinal Ehrle. With its one hundred and six entries Dr. Lowe's hand-list will prove an indispensable *vade mecum* for investigators of half-uncial script. In his study of the ancient scriptorium of Lyons he exhibits sound erudition, laborious research, and a wholesome reserve. There are thirty-seven excellent facsimiles in collotype of the twenty-three manuscripts in uncial and half-uncial that either are now or were once a part of the Cathedral Library of Lyons. Thus the foundations are laid for a further work, which we hope will soon see the light, on the development of the minuscule style of Lyons in the eighth and ninth centuries. In the volume on the Bobbio Missal, which forms part of the monumental collection of liturgical texts published by the Henry Bradshaw Society, Dr. Lowe attacks the vexed problems raised by this curious little book. The volume opens with a reprint of Dom Wilmart's studies of this question, together with his later comments—a model of learning, acumen, and modesty. After due consideration of the many views expressed since the great Mabillon published his account of the Missal in 1687, and after a searching analysis of the paleographical features of the Missal, Dr. Lowe concludes that though found in Bobbio it was probably written at some French center in the eighth century. The peculiar orthography of the scribe points to the same place of origin. A mass of spellings is presented of great interest to students of the French language; forms like *cociaens* for *quotiens* and *espes* for *spes* are immediately illuminating. The Irish element in the mixed liturgy contained in the book might indicate one of the monasteries established by St. Columbanus before he journeyed southward and founded Bobbio in 614. The Missal, if not a *codex Bobiensis*, might be called a *Columbanianus*, a monument of the tradition started by the Irish saint a century before the writing was done.

Dr. Lowe might not care to follow hypothesis so far. His conclusions are sustained by facts, not probabilities. However, reserve does not clip the wings of his imagination. He has seen his scribe and shaken hands with him. The following extract, which is hedged about with proper cautions, will show what a manuscript can mean to one who studies *con amore:*

> A little over twelve hundred years ago, in an obscure village somewhere on this side of the Alps, in a district where French was the spoken language, near a convent of nuns, an old cleric once copied a service-book. His hand was not very steady, but he wrote with a will, and meant to do a good job. His parchment was not of the best, and his penmanship showed that he was no master of the craft. He had little time, busy man that he was, for over-care or refinements to bestow on titles and rubrics. But he could not deny himself the pleasure of some ornamentation, so when he could he copied a decorative initial, with results pathetic in their crudity. The old scribe was trying to follow his original page for page. He was no purist in spelling or grammar. He wrote as he spoke, with small regard for case or verb endings. Coming from a modest place, he could not afford many books, so he crowded into his Missal much more than properly belonged there. And when his parchment went back on him, he borrowed fortuitous scraps. In the centuries that elapsed between the writing of the Missal and its discovery by Mabillon, many a priceless manuscript treasure has been destroyed and lost to us forever. By some strange freak of fate, this homely copy by an obscure, unnamed cleric has survived to puzzle and to edify us.

E. K. RAND

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The Man with the Hoe

Our Rural Heritage. By James Mickel Williams. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

OUR chance of making modern community life rational seems to depend so clearly upon the understanding of the background of our prejudices that the value of the type of effort represented by this book can hardly be overestimated. The altogether queer thing is that social psychologists have not attempted such analyses before. Beside such a book as this most preceding social psychologies seem to play across the surface of contemporary events without giving us any workable foothold in genuine causation. A theory of society that depends upon the classifying of human traits is about all we have had to go on heretofore.

The material here dealt with presented one of the most difficult pieces of research imaginable. The recreation of older community functions was necessary, along with a description of the institutions into which they crystallized. The recollections of the aged, court records, old diaries, and newspapers were the sources. But the judicious use of these is a matter with difficulties of its own. One limitation must be mentioned. Such studies are necessarily local. The foundations of American attitudes are not to be wholly understood from a study of early central New York.

Mr. Williams set himself the task of seeing what kind of life was lived in his early community. First of all there was the struggle with nature. Work was hard and long. Tools to do it with were primitive. There was necessary emphasis upon industriousness, thrift, repression of frivolity, and resignation to the whims of a wilful God who let young seedlings freeze and burned up corn with droughts. The father directed work and became something of a tyrant; but the young men submitted because he represented the only road to the successful coping with the conditions of life. The mother was the social leader, who gave color and form to the life of the community. She also was a tyrant to her daughters.

Such a life as this was bound to develop rigid codes of behavior and to foster lasting traditions. And these unquestionably survive in the present, though to be sure there is an ever-imminent clash between the rural and the urban traditions. The one tempers the other, but only after more or less serious struggle. How else account, for instance, for the continuous warfare in the New York Legislature between the city and country legislators? Yet worse even than this is the internal warfare which exists in all of us who came clearly out of the one or the other culture. The country lad who came to the city—and our farms still export about a third of their children—is a notorious example of this. How is he to curb the appetite for the heavy food that stayed his strength for the long dawn-to-dusk struggle with the weeds of his father's corn field? Yet if he doesn't he must die of digestive disorders. And how is he ever to feel quite easy in his mind at card-playing or at theatergoing on Sunday? Not only that; how is he to escape the anguish of seeing his sons and daughters grow up free from the restraints and duties that made his youth a successful preparation for manhood?

From the point of view, too, of a society which wants to go forward into the heritage prepared for it by industrial prosperity such studies as this of Mr. Williams, which make us shamefacedly aware of our lingering in the past, are important. Our emphasis upon thrift has led us to save (according to Mr. Friday) nearly a fifth of our annual national income. Such a procedure is indefensible in a world that still has widespread poverty. But thrift—laying by for a rainy day—is a rural inheritance. Other lessons to be learned from the study of early rural life are less negative. It was after all a full life, a life in which the diurnal rhythms were complete. They moved from morning tension and activity to evening relaxation, companionship, and rest. Can one say that of urban life?

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

Elegant Propagandists

Next Year in Jerusalem. By Jerome and Jean Tharaud. Translated by Madeleine Boyd. Boni and Liveright. $2.

THE Frenchman travels, but his mind stays at home. Exotic subjects are useful for the production of *feuilletons* in light, sprightly, a trifle supercilious prose. These *feuilletons* are then gathered in bookform and can go through many editions. For upon the whole, however elegant in form, they are thoroughly philistine in character. For what is it that the MM. Tharaud succeed in telling the world in either "L'Ombre de la Croix" or "L'an prochain en Jérusalem"? Just this: that the Jews are a quaint, queer, rather dirty, rather subtly dangerous people, pig-headed and revolutionary at the same time, given in the East of Europe to repulsive customs and in Palestine to a vain, politically perhaps dangerous, but already half-abandoned experiment. Well, that is what the average Babbitt of all countries already more or less believes, what, at all events, he quite expects to hear. Since, however, he thinks himself a liberal, he wants just the touches of patronizing kindness for this queer, inferior folk with which the Tharaud brothers supply him.

What the MM. Tharaud forget in the first place is that no people is exotic to itself. But since exoticism is their stock in trade, their reports are vitiated from the start. In order to keep this exoticism which is profitable quite pure, they made no effort to prepare themselves for their task. They confess that they know no Hebrew, no Yiddish, and practically no German. If they are weak in English too, I am at a loss to know with whom or how they conversed in Palestine. A few of the older settlers in Rishon-le-Zion speak French too. But the only person in Palestine with whom I had to converse in French was the Arab mayor of Jerusalem. He happens to be thoroughly convinced of the success and beneficence of the Jewish settlement. But I can readily imagine the attitude of the few French-speaking *emirs* who were no doubt the counselors of the MM. Tharaud. I have no doubt that they found the people in the colonies uncommunicative. The *chaluzim* have antennae. They know a malicious eye. Also they speak, as a rule, almost everything except French.

The result is that practically all the definite statements of the MM. Tharaud are false, petulant, and childish. It is a demonstrable fact that most of the younger settlers were students in Eastern or Central Europe; it is not true that "there is not a Jew from Germany and America." The whole colony of Beth Alpha in the valley of Jezreel, to mention one only, is made up of young men and women from Germany. Jerusalem swarms with young Americans, college men and women, who are devoted to the life and work. Did the MM. Tharaud visit Beth Alpha? Were they in contact with the circle that gathers about my friend Gershon Agronsky of Jerusalem? Did they in fact ever visit the offices on the Jaffa Road? Did they get their information from Ben Zwie or Aronovitch or Joshua Gordon, or were they closeted with the gentlemen of the Mohammedan-Christian Union? "France was definitely excluded from the Holy Land. The English had won the difficult game." There is the key to all the opinions and reports of the MM. Tharaud. No, it is not true that we think or dream of settling "all the Jews in the world" in Palestine. But if France would curb the bloody barbarism of her friend and ally, the Polish Republic, from which she was assuredly not excluded, the ground would not be burning under the feet of our wanderers and we could afford to pass over the feeble malice of the *prosateurs* of the boulevards.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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Books in Brief

North America. By J. Russell Smith. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $6.

North America. By L. Rodwell Jones and P. W. Bryan. The Dial Press. $5.

These are geographies, octavo size, written by geographers. Mr. Smith has superbly materialized the modern pedagogic conception which holds that our fields of knowledge are inextricably interrelated. He has sublimated a traditionally dull and static subject. Geology and meteorology are woven into his giant tapestry; archeology, ethnology, economics, agriculture, forestry, transportation are threaded into its warp. Above all a warm and inquisitive subjectiveness permeates every one of the eight hundred pages of his impressive book. One is being personally conducted on a delightful journey. Messrs. Jones's and Bryan's "North America" is an adequate text book but suffers by comparison with that of Mr. Smith.

The Labor Movement in a Government Industry. By Sterling D. Spero. George H. Doran and Company. $2.

This book forms one of the Workers' Bookshelf series of the Workers' Education Bureau of America. It tells the story of the long struggle of the post-office employees for organized recognition. It starts with an inquiry into the status of a government employee as contrasted with the employee of a private concern. There is a good deal of hoakum abroad as to "soldier" status, and the hero of San Juan hill is responsible for no little of this gaudy claptrap as affecting post-office workers. Why a ditch digger for a municipal water company should have an entirely different industrial status from a ditch digger for a private water company is a metaphysical abstraction somewhat difficult to grasp. Certainly the psychological reactions of the two are identical, and that in the end must be the governing factor. This commonsense relationship has long been recognized abroad, and Mr. Spero shows how it is making its way here. In time of war, the federal employee may be on a somewhat different footing from that of the ordinary citizen; certain key positions—say in the confidential relations of the diplomatic service or the treasury department—may be on a somewhat different footing in times of peace. By and large, however, to deny government workers—particularly industrial workers—all rights of organization or affiliation with organized labor groups is the rankest tyranny. And what is worse, it throws all hope of advancement on the vicious process of pull and graft.

Drama

Bohemia's West End

IF one may judge from the two of his plays which New York has seen, Mr. Noel Coward has constituted himself the anatomist of Bohemia's West End. By birth and by bank account his people belong at least to the upper middle class, and they ought, so the comedies imply, to know better; but they have vague tendencies in the direction of the arts and they cultivate their personalities untrammeled by manners or morals. Vaguely suggestive of the characters of Oscar Wilde brought up to date, they spend their lives in matching insolent wits and they have played so long at various fashionable emotions that they are not sure themselves when they mean what they say. Whatever they do not find "adorable" is very likely to be "beastly," but they play their ridiculous parts with such grace and skill that no one, except possibly the playwright who seems now and then to be mildly shocked by the goings on of his personages, would wish them any different. It would, in fine, be hardly possible to do nothing more entertainingly than they do it.

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Taking all in all, then, "Hay Fever" (Maxine Elliott's Theater) must be set down as the most amusing light comedy of the season. It deals with the highly disorganized country house of a popular actress past her prime, and it describes the week-end spent there by four guests invited by the four different members of the family each without the knowledge or the approval of the other. There are moments, it is true, when a theme threatens to intrude upon the fun, moments when it looks as though the play were about to deal with something—the folly, for example, of trying to prolong youth or the duty of mothers to look after their families—but the playwright manages somehow to resist the dangerous temptation and to keep the ball rolling merrily here and there without sending it definitely in any direction. The curtain first rises upon a random conversation; it falls for the last time upon a delicious picture of the four guests sneaking out on Sunday morning to their motors while the oblivious hosts are engaged in a passionate but inconsequential family dispute; and in between are a multitude of incidents which manage to combine the extravagance of farce with the lightness of comedy.

Mr. Coward's greatest gift is the remarkable dexterity which enables him to make a great deal out of nothing and to give an air of continuity and substantiality to a series of fragile incidents which are strung together by the slightest of threads; his most dangerous defect is that tendency to gentle reproof which took entire possession of the last half of "The Vortex" and which intrudes ever so slightly into "Hay Fever." Somehow it is as difficult for an Englishman to be comfortable without paying his respects to Good Form as it is for an American not to accord at least a conventional tribute to Virtue; and Mr. Coward cannot help reminding us that men and women do not behave as his characters do if they have been brought up among the real, right sort of people. Whether he regards these slightly intrusive comments as merely a highly marketable wholesomeness or whether he actually feels called upon to protest in the name of good form against the eccentricities of the society from which he draws his characters I do not know; but if he really means, what he certainly implies, that his highly piquant personages would do better to groom themselves into the likeness of the faultlessly suave foils who look at them with pained amazement, then he must be lacking in gratitude as a playwright to those who furnish him with his material and also, as a man, touched a little deeper than a comic writer should be with British solemnity. Laura Hope Crews, it must be said, deserves a very considerable share in the credit for making the evening at the Maxine Elliott delightful. There are few other comediennes indeed who could handle the extravagance of her role so surely and so lightly.

"The Buccaneer" (Plymouth Theater), which Messrs. Anderson and Stallings have fashioned about the personality of Morgan the pirate, is, surprisingly enough, a comedy more in the manner of "The Firebrand" than in that of "What Price Glory." One certainly expected a vigorous melodrama conceived in the spirit of that peculiar robust romanticism which its authors invented, but one gets instead a satiric comedy which treats piracy almost in the manner of the operetta. Partially, perhaps, because it requires some time for one to adjust oneself to the mood of the play, it seems to get away to a rather slow start; but the last act, in which Morgan is brought before Charles the Second to answer the charge of capturing without a commission the city which none of the regular admirals would dare to attack, is both brilliant and delightful. Though Morgan explains that the difference between piracy and war is legal not actual, and that a devastated city looks much the same whether an officer or a buccaneer has taken it, the admirals insist that merely for the honor of the navy he must be hanged; until Charles, who was always inclined to mercy provided the exercising of it did not cost him much effort, decides to give him a commission instead. Incidentally it may be remarked that the Merry Monarch himself would make a perfect subject for a modern comedy. The tender-minded Victorians always fumbled him because they could not stomach him without a coating of sugar, but he was the sort of realist whose languid disillusion the present day could not but find highly diverting.

In "American Born" (Hudson Theater) George M. Cohan remains true to the types of actor and playwright which long ago he created. His "serio-farcical" play is, as drama, quite as contemptible as anything he ever wrote; his acting, however, is as winning as it ever was. Seldom today is such talent lavished upon such sorry stuff. "Caught" (39th Street Theater) undertakes to discuss the case of the young man who chooses marriage to a wealthy woman instead of work. Unfortunately it degenerates rather rapidly into lurid melodrama. "Applesauce" (Ambassador) is a farce which revolves about the personality of a genial young man with the gift of gab. It is decidedly crude but often amusing.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ THEATER □

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International Relations Section

Autocracy in the Virgin Islands

AT an address before the American Bar Association in Detroit on September 1, last, former Judge Lucius J. M. Malmin made the following address on the Virgin Islands under the rule of the United States. The story of the judge who was unable to sustain his position against the wishes of the governor is Judge Malmin's own experience in the islands as judge of the District Court.

Since the days of Lincoln and Seward, we have been looking acquisitively oceanward where lie a group of islands formerly known as the Danish West Indies, now beautifully named the Virgins. There are about forty islands in the Virgin group, of which only three, St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John are inhabited. The total area of these possessions is 132 square miles, and they lie at the southeast angle of a geographic triangle. From New York to the islands the distance is about 1,500 miles, from Key West about the same distance, with Cuba, Haiti, San Domingo, and Porto Rico between. Forty miles southeast of Porto Rico lies St. Thomas with St. John about six miles east thereof and St. Croix forty miles south. On a clear day, from a hill top on St. Thomas, one may see St. Croix or Porto Rico. The Panama Canal, for the protection of which these islands were purchased, is about 1,200 miles distant. From the islands to Liverpool is 3,600 miles, to Trinidad 518 miles.

The islands were first occupied about 1650 by the Dutch, who later migrated to New Amsterdam. The Danes arrived shortly after this abandonment and were in possession continuously about 250 years with the exception of two short intervals when England dominated the islands. After more than fifty years of negotiation, the United States Government purchased the Danish West Indies on March 31, 1917, paying Denmark $25,000,000, five times more than was originally contemplated by either of the contracting parties. But a psychological moment arrived; Denmark took advantage of it and benefitted; we secured the right to plant a flag pole and nothing more. A recent supposedly authoritative English writer with the West Indies for subject mentions that a plebiscite in the Virgin Islands at the time of the transfer showed 230,000 for annexation to the United States and about half that number against. As a matter of fact, there was at that time a total population of 25,000 which has dwindled to about 15,000.

The Virgin Islander, and this means white or black, though the Stars and Stripes wave over him, is not an American, not a citizen of the United States. He is a national, without flag or country. Such is the dictum of the Department of State, though the Department of Justice at times seems to differ, probably basing its opinion on the statement of a certain Congressman quoted from the *Congressional Record:* "We bought the islands and the people with them," which certainly should make the people of the islands the recognized, legitimate children of Congress and entitled to its consideration. I quote the treaty:

> Danish citizens residing in said islands may remain therein or may remove therefrom at will, retaining in either event all their rights of property, including the right to sell or dispose of such property or its proceeds; in case they remain in the islands, they shall continue until otherwise provided to enjoy all the private, municipal, and religious rights and liberties secured to them by the laws now in force. If the present laws are altered, the said inhabitants shall not thereby be placed in a less favorable position in respect to the above mentioned rights and liberties that they now enjoy.

Which raised the question of the choice of legal proceedings, that is, the right as Danish citizens residing in the Virgin Islands to be tried under Danish or American law. Continuing, I quote:

> Those who remain in the islands may preserve their citizenship in Denmark by making before a court of record, within one year from the date of the exchange of ratifications of this convention, a declaration of their decision to preserve such citizenship; in default of which declaration they shall be held to have renounced it, and to have accepted citizenship in the United States.

If, under the treaty, the islanders automatically accepted citizenship in the United States it must be construed that there was by and through the treaty an offer of citizenship. Again I quote:

> The civil rights and the political status of the inhabitants of the islands shall be determined by Congress.

But Congress has not in these eight years of occupation—with exception of one junketing expedition—made the slightest sign, individually or collectively, that it is aware of the existence of the islands, other than the Act of Congress providing a temporary form of government, perhaps the shortest act on record, from which I now quote:

> All military, civil, and judicial powers necessary to govern the West Indian Islands acquired from Denmark shall be vested in a governor and such person or persons as the President may appoint, and shall be exercised in such manner as the President shall direct until Congress shall provide for the government of said islands:
>
> Provided, that the President may assign an officer of the army or navy to serve as such governor and perform the duties appertaining to said office; and provided further that the governor of said islands shall be appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate; and provided further that the compensation of all persons appointed under this act shall be fixed by the President.

President Wilson appointed Rear Admiral Oliver first naval governor of the islands, since which time we have had in succession and serving each a little more than one year, Oman, Kittelle, Hough, Williams, and Trench. These frequent changes of governor do not tend to stability. The governors, accustomed to navy rule and authority, have held themselves aloof, and though there may be a saving exception, have been ignorant of civic duties and lacking in experience. As a rule, they detail and delegate their gubernatorial authority to subordinates and, though presiding at official functions, are considered by their official circle and the public as mere lookers-on.

The misconception of governmental authority cannot be better exemplified than by the attempt of Governor Oman to dictate judicial decisions. In criminal cases of importance, the naval government habitually interferes, suggests, urges, directs, directly or indirectly. Notably, in a civil matter involving damages supposedly accruing to the government, the judge was reminded that he was a government official, and that judgment in the sum of $35,000 against the defendant, the Bethlehem Sugar Company, was expected. Astonishment was great when the court seemed to take offense. Did this matter end here? It did not. The judge stood pat, and was by governor's order deprived of his court officials, marshal, clerk, reporter, and governor's appointees, who with the judge were threatened with immediate arrest if they in any manner aided or abetted the judge in his official duties. In fact, governor's warrant was to be used to stop the judge's departure for Washington where he desired to go, but he did depart, under the protection of the English flag on an English ship.

On his arrival in Washington he ascertained that a subordinate naval officer had been sent also for the purpose of amending the insular law appertaining to the judiciary; and this attempted amendment was successful. Josephus Daniels recommended it, Secretary Tumulty acted as intermediary, and

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President Wilson, acting under the executive authority conferred by the Act of Congress and the urgent demand of the navy, cut out the vital paragraphs in the Insular Judiciary Act, emasculating it so completely that in the event of the resignation or death of the then sitting judge, the office would be vacant. This the navy did without the approval, consent, or even knowledge of the insular council which had full power to act, in an effort to be relieved of a judge who was not sufficiently pliable.

The judge was appointed for life but the governor commanded the Marines, and the jail, though the coolest place on the islands, was not otherwise comfortable. Considering this the judge took counsel with himself and others, notably Judge Sutherland, the late Judge Mahlon Pitney, John Barton Payne, James Hamilton Lewis, Hampton Carson, and William Clarke Mason of Philadelphia.

A writ of prohibition against the governor was suggested, but out of what court? Not the Supreme, or the District of Columbia, or the judge's own court, or his Appellate, but a petition for a mandatory writ out of the Third United States Appellate. The significance of the matter, the seriousness of the situation when called to the attention of the Attorney General of the United States, caused that official immediately to file a petition asking a mandatory order compelling the judge to return to the islands, ascend his bench, and not delay the business of the Third United States Appellate Court, whose subordinate judge he was.

The writ was granted. Did this end it? It did not. The judge, knowing what he was up against, attempted confirmation of the mandate by securing the indorsement of the Secretary of the Navy. Denby refused. Upon the judge's return to the islands with the authoritative mandate, the then Governor, Kittelle, by the advice of one George Washington Williams, a recent arrivel in the islands, refused to recognize the mandate, emphatically stating that in those islands he was not only naval governor in full command, but also the high, the middle, and the low judiciary, and was not interested in the Third United States Appellate Court. The judge set sail for Philadelphia and arriving there told the Third United States Appellate that the governor refused to regard the court's mandate. The court set about making the mandate stronger.

Did this end it? It did not. The judge was experienced and he had high regard for his office which was being belittled by the governor. Rumors came that the federal court in Porto Rico was also being sneered at because of this governor's show of disrespect. It was, therefore, deemed expedient to have the highest authority confirm and indorse this second and more emphatic mandate of the court. The entire matter was accordingly presented to President Harding who, after due consideration, addressed the following letter to the judge, supplementing it with a letter to the governor:

The letter to the judge:

MY DEAR SIR:

I am writing to acknowledge yours of June 23 and to request you to return to the Virgin Islands at the earliest possible date and resume your duties as Judge of the District Court of the Islands.

I have notified the Governor of this official request and have invited the administrative branch of the government in the islands to give every consideration to the judicial branch of the government which is becoming.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) WARREN G. HARDING

The letter to the governor:

MY DEAR GOVERNOR KITTELLE:

I have officially asked Judge Lucius J. M. Malmin to return to the Virgin Islands and resume his official duties as Judge of the District Court of the Islands. You are doubtless familiar with the question of authority which arose between the Governor of the islands and Judge Malmin and the latter's appeal to the decision of the United

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States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit. The decision of the court can only be complied with by the return of Judge Malmin to his official duties with proper consideration of his official functions by the administrative forces of the islands.

I trust you will join in making manifest the disposition of all agencies of government not only to conform to the demands of our laws but to most thoroughly respect the decision of our courts.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) WARREN G. HARDING

It was done; it was not possible for it to be undone; but it was. While the judge was on the ocean at the President's request, journeying to his court, the radio, that device for making the world smaller, worked overhead and overtime. The governor and Denby brought pressure and the judge upon his arrival in the islands was defiantly presented by the governor with a radiogram from the President, demanding that the judge ignore the letters quoted above. There was only one thing to do under such circumstances. The judge resigned. That ended it.

And now Williams, the advisor of the governor, is judge, he who on a certain occasion stated that his motto was: "What is the Constitution between friends?" Since his appointment, litigation in the islands has practically ceased, the people saying: "What's the use?"

Recently, an editor had the temerity to criticize the brutality of an unnamed, but governor-appointed, police officer. For this the editor was charged with "political libel," arrested, fined, and sentenced to thirty days in jail; appealing the case he commented editorially on his appeal and was promptly charged with contempt of court and again sent to jail on a thirty-day sentence.

But the navy occasionally passes over the head of its own judge. A young woman, a teacher, sent to the islands by the Government of the United States, a woman of refinement and education, a botanist and correspondent of the Smithsonian Institute, incurred the displeasure of the naval government. She had sent some caustic comment to Washington. Navy officials invaded her home, ransacked it, put her on a horse, misled her by saying she was to be brought before the governor, placed her under guard, and the next day under the same pretense of taking her before the governor, carried her aboard ship, and, under guard the entire voyage, landed her in Norfolk, whence she was taken to Washington and finally to her native State; there, on the testimony of a naval nurse who observed her only on shipboard, she was judged insane and sent to the State asylum. She was immediately pronounced sane and urged to leave the institution, which she did with the admonition of the superintendent not to divulge her experience on penalty of reincarceration. Shall I go on, or have I said enough? I purposely omit conditions in the islands, economic and otherwise, nor do I speak of the islanders and their ways. They are a gentle people, speaking soft English. The regime of the Danes was democratic. The Islanders were not ostracised; they were not over-policed or harshly treated. They grasped the hand of Uncle Sam with confidence only to find it cold, hard, and indifferent, and they now pray for the return of the Danes with their warm handclasp.

The experience of the Virgin Islanders is well known in the Caribbean. The press, that guardian of freedom, and particularly the Chicago *Tribune* and the Chicago *Journal*, suggest that Barbadoes and Martinique be accepted in part liquidation of English and French war indebtedness, but who will persuade the people of these islands to exchange their present security and freedom—I have in mind the Volstead Act—for the doubtful protection and suppositious freedom of the States? The Island of St. John is dead; St. Thomas comatose; St. Croix gasping; Congressional neglect and indifference has been deadly.

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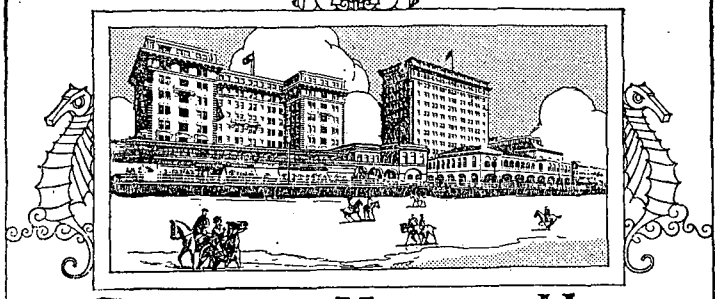

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The McLean Bill for civil government for the Virgin Islands is pending. It will probably continue to pend. I quote its foster father, Senator McLean: "There is opposition to it." The navy is the only opposition. Undoubtedly, there is much naval argument against the bill. It will deprive the navy of a sinecure, a snug harbor, an easy berth.

Sympathy is cold to distant misery—the people of the Virgin Islands despair and cry out in weariness; Congress is remote, unfriendly, disinterested, and has a remarkable paucity of knowledge of the islands and the needs of the inhabitants. President Coolidge has said "the chief ideal of the American people is idealism." Is this idealism evanescent; a phantom of the brain, or is it real, so real that among other realities, it can also be for the Virgin Islanders?

Contributors to This Issue

JO SWERLING, during the period of which he writes, was connected with the Chicago *Herald and Examiner*, the New York *American*, and the New York *Mirror*.

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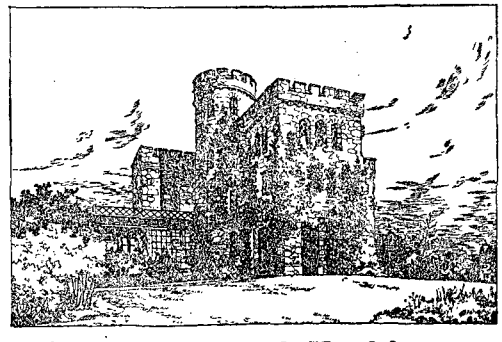

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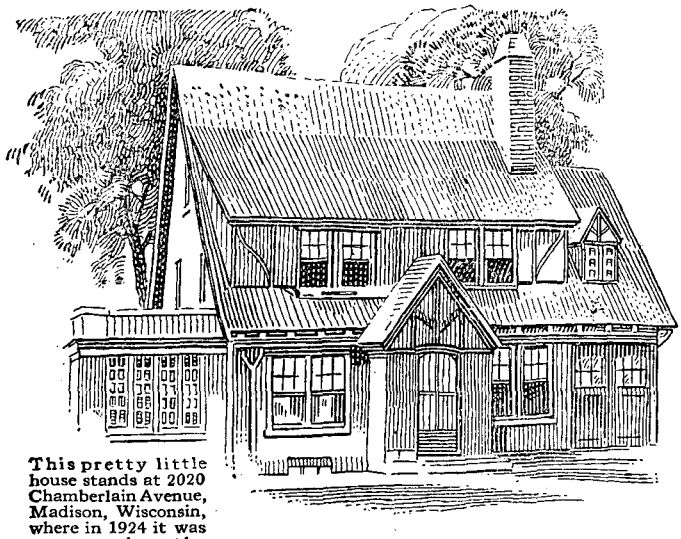

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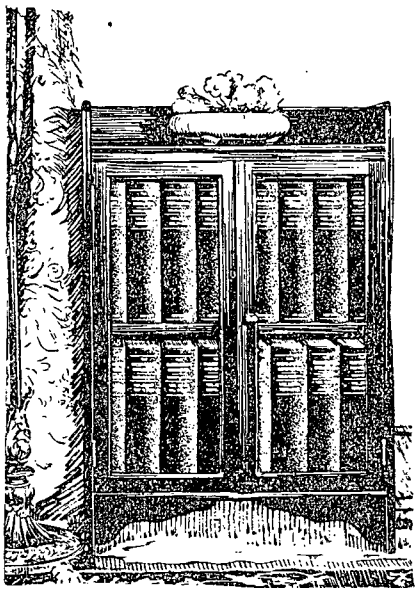

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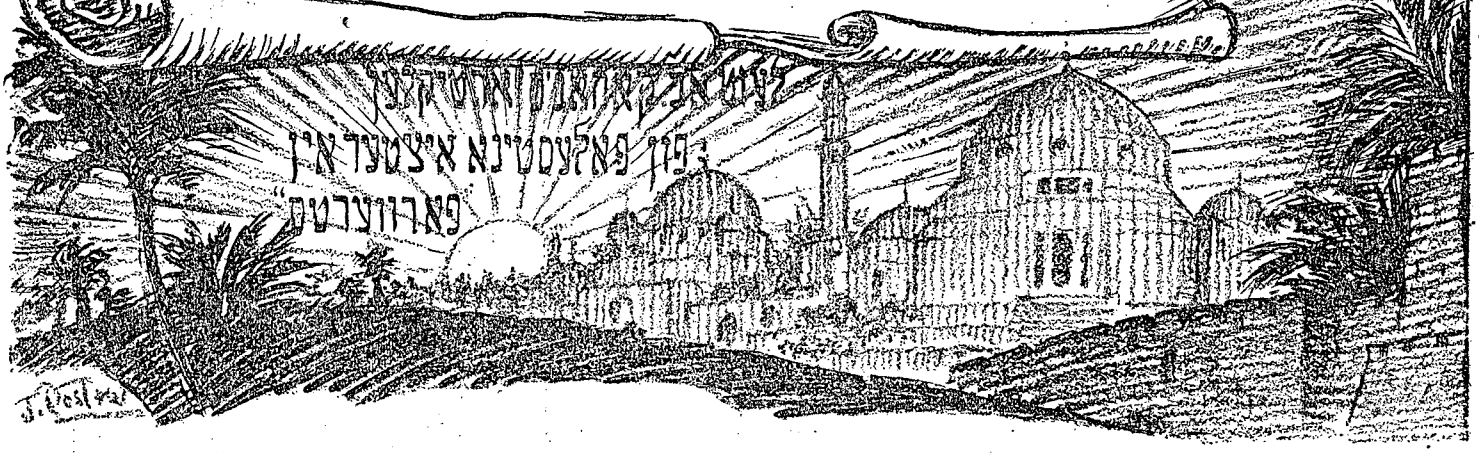

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